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TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



BAD 1950s EC COMICS!



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TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH

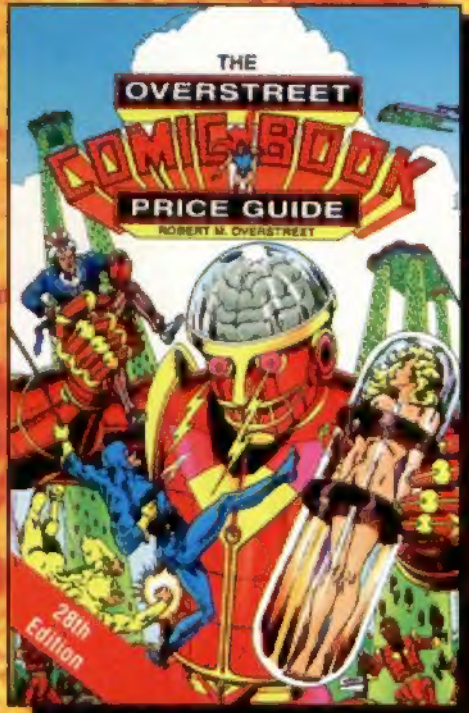
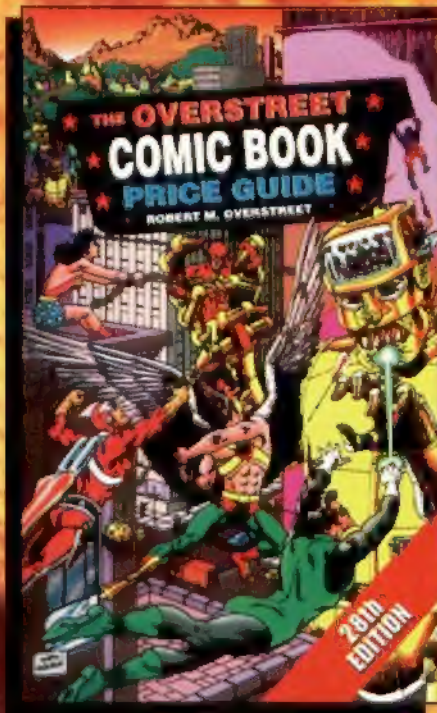


THE VAULT-KEEPER

JACK
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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH... AND HEH! (JUST TO BE DIFFERENT.) CRAWL INTO THE GREEPY OLD CRUDDY CRYPT OF TERROR, FIENDS. THIS IS YOUR GHOSTLY HOST, LE CRYPT-KEEPER... YOUR MASTER OF GEMETERIES... READY TO THRILL YOU, CHILL YOU, AND KILL YOU WITH A SLIMY SELECTION FROM MY FIENDISH FILE OF FOUL FANCIES. READY? WELL, HERE GOES WITH THE YOWL YARN I CALL...

OPERATION FRIENDSHIP



DOCTOR HOBART PLACED THE CHESSBOARD ON THE LOW TABLE BEFORE HIM...

OTHERS MIGHT SCOFF, PHILIP, BUT I SAY OURS IS ONE OF LIFE'S RARITIES... A PERFECT FRIENDSHIP... A MEETING OF THE MINDS... A MENTAL MATING FAR MORE LASTING AND REWARDING THAN THAT OF MAN AND WIFE.



THE OLD DOCTOR WENT ON GARRULOUSLY, ALWAYS THE MORE TALKATIVE OF THE TWO, HARDLY GIVING THE OTHER A CHANCE TO SPEAK. HIS VOICE DRIPPED ON... RICH WITH MELLOW MEMORIES... NOSTALGIC REMINISCENCE...



YES, PHILIP! TWENTY YEARS OF THIS. REMEMBER HOW IT ALL BEGAN, PHILIP? HOW, AS KIDS, OUR FAMILIES MOVED NEXT DOOR TO EACH OTHER! REMEMBER?

'REMEMBER HOW, LIKE ALL KIDS, WE WERE SHY AT FIRST, BUT QUICKLY WARMED UP... FOUND THAT WE LIKED THE SAME THINGS.'

GOSH, ANDY? I LIKE YOU.

I LIKE YOU TOO, PHIL. LET'S BE PALS FOR LIFE... AND SEAL IT IN BLOOD...



'A KID'S PRANK? NO. IT WAS MORE THAN THAT, PHIL! IT WAS A PACT OF DEVOTION THAT NOTHING HAS BEEN ABLE TO TEAR APART IN ALL THESE YEARS! NOTHING!'

SIGN YOUR NAME, PHIL. WE'LL BE BUDDIES FOREVER...

TILL WE'RE OLD MEN AND READY TO DIE, ANDY...



'REMEMBER, PHIL? REMEMBER HOW INSEPARABLE WE WERE... PLAYING TOGETHER... GOING PLACES TOGETHER... FIGHTING TOGETHER... TWO OF US AGAINST THE WORLD?'

YOU BIG BULLY! DON'T EVER PICK ON MY PAL PHIL AGAIN, D'Y'HEAR?

OKAY! OKAY! I GIVE UP! I PROMISE! OWWWWW...

SOB... SOB...



'REMEMBER, PHILIP? WE WERE A MODERN DAMON AND PYTHIAS. AND AS WE GREW OUT OF BOYHOOD, WE BECAME EVEN CLOSER, IF ANYTHING. REMEMBER, IN HIGH SCHOOL, HOW EVEN THE PRETTIEST GIRLS FAILED TO PULL US APART?'

SORRY, JOAN! PHIL AND I ARE GOING TO THE MOVIES OURSELVES TONIGHT... TOGETHER!

I WON'T ASK YOU AGAIN, ANDREW HOBART! YOU'RE... YOU'RE NOT HUMAN!



'NONE OF THE GIRLS UNDERSTOOD, PHIL. THEY COULDN'T. THEIR CHEAP THRILLS OF DATING AND PETTING WERE AS SANDUST TO THE PLATONIC ECSTASY OF OUR EMBRACING MINDS.'

I'VE DECIDED ON MEDICINE, PHIL! WHY DON'T YOU STUDY IT WITH ME?

SORRY, ANDY? ELECTRONICS IS MY MEAT!



'COLLEGE! THE SAME COLLEGE, OF COURSE, NATURALLY, WE COULD NOT BE EXACTLY ALIKE IN ALL THINGS. I PROBED LIVING MECHANISMS AND YOU PROBED COLD LIFELESS ONES. BUT EVEN HERE, WE FOUND COMMON GROUND...

IT'S A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT THE BRAIN EMITS ELECTRONIC IMPULSES, PHIL. WHY DO YOU ASK?

I WAS JUST WONDERING, ANDY. SUPPOSE WE COULD CAPTURE THOSE IMPULSES AND REPRODUCE THEM INTO AUDIBLE SOUNDS... ELECTRONICALLY.

'REMEMBER HOW WE WORKED TOGETHER ON YOUR THEORY, PHIL? THE CRAZY MACHINE WE BUILT. REMEMBER THAT SQUID... HOW WE KEPT IT ALIVE IN THE BRINE WATER... ATTACHING THE ELECTRODES TO ITS HEAD?...

LISTEN, ANDY! LISTEN!

EAWKKKKK! WEEEEEEKK!

IT WORKS, PHIL! IT WORKS!

'WE USED THAT CLEVER GADGET FOR OUR COMBINED DOCTORATE THESES. WE KNOCKED 'EM DEAD, DIDN'T WE PHIL... GRADUATED WITH TOP HONORS!...

CONGRATULATIONS, ANDY!

SAME TO YOU... PHIL!

'AND WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD TOGETHER. REMEMBER HOW WE FOUND THOSE TWO OFFICES SIDE BY SIDE? I HUNG OUT MY M.D. SHINGLE AND YOU HUNG OUT YOUR ELECTRONIC ENGINEER'S SIGN!...

READY FOR LUNCH, PHIL?

LET'S GO...

ANDREW HOBART M.D.

PHILIP HARRIS ELECTRONIC

DOCTOR ANDREW HOBART STUDIED THE CHESSBOARD BEFORE HIM AS IF HE WERE CONTEMPLATING THE MOVE HE'D HAD IN MIND WHEN THEY'D LEFT OFF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT...

WE BOTH MADE OUR MARKS, PHIL! YOU IN ELECTRONIC PATENTS... I IN SURGERY, AND ALWAYS, FROM THOSE FIRST YEARS, LIKE NOW, WE SPENT EVERY EVENING TOGETHER, OUR FRIENDSHIP CEMENTING ITSELF FIRMER EACH YEAR. REMEMBER?

'AND THEN CAME THOSE AWFUL WEEKS. I STILL SHUDDER AT THE MEMORY, PHILIP. I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG. I FELT IT. EVERY EVENING YOU GREW MORE AND MORE MOODY...

I CAN'T MAKE IT TOMORROW NIGHT, ANDY! SOMETHING CAME UP!

SURE, PHIL! I UNDERSTAND.

'YOU STOPPED COMING. FIRST YOU SKIPPED ONE DAY A WEEK. THEN TWO. THEN YOU HARDLY CAME AT ALL. I HAD TO KNOW WHY...

WHAT'S WRONG, PHIL? I CAN FEEL SOMETHING STANDING BETWEEN US! WHAT IS IT? TELL ME! I MUST KNOW!

HOW CAN I TELL YOU, ANDY? I... I... IT ISN'T EASY!

'YOUR HESITATION...YOUR AVERTED EYES. A COLD CHILL GRIPPED ME AND I STEELED MYSELF FOR THE SHOCK OF WHAT I COULD ALMOST GUESS...'

'YOU WENT ON, NOT KNOWING HOW EACH WORD WHIPLASHED MY FLINCHING SOUL...'

I'M GOING TO MARRY HER, ANDY!

MARRY? BUT PHIL! OUR... OUR FRIENDSHIP... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... YOU'LL BE BREAKING IT UP...

HER NAME IS JONDRA! HERE...HERE'S HER PICTURE! ISN'T SHE PRETTY?

VERY... LOVELY... PHIL!

I'M...I'M IN LOVE, ANDY!

NO, PHIL...

PLEASE, ANDY, DON'T MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A DOG! AFTER ALL, I AM GETTING ALONG IN YEARS! I'M ALMOST THIRTY! IT'S NORMAL FOR A MAN MY AGE TO WANT A WIFE...A HOME...KIDS! AND OUR FRIENDSHIP ISN'T BREAKING UP. YOU'LL LIKE JONDRA. AND...

NO, PHIL! IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITH YOU MARRIED! YOU CAN'T DO IT! LISTEN TO ME...

'REMEMBER HOW I PLEADED WITH YOU, PHILIP... ARGUED...RAVED...STORMED...GROVELED ON BENDED KNEES?...

PHIL, YOU CAN'T CAST ASIDE OUR FRIENDSHIP LIKE AN OLD SHOE. IT'S TOO SACRED! MARRIAGE IS FOR OTHERS, NOT FOR US, WITH OUR WEDDED MINDS! PHIL, I BEG OF YOU. GIVE THIS CREATURE UP!

I'M... SORRY, ANDY...

YOU TURNED A STONEY HEART TO YOUR OLD FRIEND, PHILIP, AND THEN, ONE DAY, YOU BROUGHT JONDRA TO MEET ME. SHE WAS LOVELY, ALL RIGHT...ON THE OUTSIDE! BUT A MENTAL VACUUM WITHIN...

THIS IS ANDREW NOBART, JANDRA!

GEE, PHILLY'S TOL' ME ALL ABOUT YUH, DOC. HE SAYS YOU'RE REAL SMART.

YOUR FIANCEE EXAGGERATES, JONDRA! IT IS PHILIP WHO IS THE SMARTER OF THE TWO OF US!

PHILLY? SMART? AW, G'WON! HE'S BIG AN' HANDSOME AN'...AND HE CAN PLAY A MEAN GAME OF TENNIS, BUT SMART? REALLY? YER KIDDIN'! PHILLY? YOU SMART?

'AFTER YOU AND JONDRA LEFT, I CRIED, PHILIP. NO, NOT FOR ME AND MY LONELINESS... BUT FOR YOU.'

SOB... THAT GIRL! THAT.. SOB... FELINE! ALL SHE WANTS OF HIM IS A PLAYMATE AND A LOVER... HIS PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES... WHILE HIS FINE MIND GOES TO WASTE!



'WEDDING BELLS TOLLED HAPPINESS FOR YOU, PHILIP... MISERY FOR ME. I WAS YOUR BEST MAN, OF COURSE, BUT NO LONGER YOUR BEST FRIEND... CLOSEST COMPANION...'

S'LONG, ANDY!

'BYE, DOC! SEE YUH...

GOOD-BYE, PHIL... CHOKO...



'AND THEN I SAT ALONE, PHILIP... EVENING AFTER EVENING... LISTENING TO THAT AWFUL SILENCE... STARING AT YOUR EMPTY CHAIR...'

PHIL! COME BACK TO ME... SOB... SOB... PHIL...



THOSE BITTER LONELY HOURS, PHILIP... DRAGGING BY... EACH AN ETERNITY... UNTIL I COULD STAND IT NO MORE. I WAS READY TO TAKE MY LIFE, PHILIP... READY TO SLIT MY THROAT WITH ONE OF MY OWN RAZOR-SHARP SCALPELS, WHEN...'

THE... ONLY... WAY... OUT... CHOKO...



'THAT PHONE CALL SAVED ME, PHILIP. IT ALSO SAVED YOU. IT WAS THE HOSPITAL... AN EMERGENCY OPERATION... MAJOR LOBOTOMY. IT WAS WHILE I WAS REMOVING THAT DISEASED PORTION OF THE PATIENT'S BRAIN THAT IT CAME TO ME...'

OF COURSE! THE REAL WAY OUT! THE NOBLEST, MOST SENSIBLE WAY OUT...



'I FITTED UP MY BASEMENT WITH EQUIPMENT... MADE MYSELF AN EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY... STARTED MY RESEARCH... LOST MYSELF IN MY WORK...'

LOBOTOMIES HAVE CUT AWAY WHOLE PORTIONS OF THE BRAIN THAT WERE DISEASED... ROTTED... TUMORED. THE PART OF THE BRAIN THAT WAS LEFT CONTINUED TO CARRY ON THE BODY PROCESSES...



'... SPENT TWO YEARS TRACKING DOWN THE ANSWER... AND THEN I FOUND IT. AND MY CHANCE CAME WHEN YOU CALLED ONE DAY...'

WHAT? OH, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, PHIL! YOU'RE NOT GOING WITH HER? THEN WHY NOT COME HERE AND SPEND THE TWO WEEKS WITH ME? GOOD! I'LL EXPECT YOU, THEN! GOOD-BYE...



THAT WAS A BREAK, WASN'T IT, PHILIP? JONDRA HAVING TO GO HOME FOR TWO WEEKS DUE TO AN ILLNESS IN THE FAMILY! IT CAME AT JUST THE RIGHT TIME. I WAS READY...

YOUR MOVE, ANDY! HEH, HEH, JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, EH?

I...I SEE THE SIGNS, PHIL! YOUR MARRIAGE IS FALLING ON YOUR JONDRA SICKENS YOU, DOESN'T SHE...?

REMEMBER HOW YOU TURNED ON ME, ANGRILY?...

ARE YOU MAD, ANDY? WHERE DID YOU GET SUCH A CRAZY IDEA? I LOVE HER...EVEN IF SHE ISN'T SO BRILLIANT! SHE'S FUN, ANDY! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY...

POOR LOYAL PHILIP! YOU DIDN'T WANT TO HURT HER, DID YOU? YOU DIDN'T WANT TO CAST HER ASIDE LIKE THE TRASH SHE WAS FOR WASTING YOUR LIFE...SUFFOCATING YOUR WONDERFUL MIND IN DREARY TRIVIALITIES. WELL, YOU DIDN'T FOOL ME, PHILIP. I PITIED YOU, FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART...

AND I GAVE YOU WARNING, AS ONE FRIEND TO ANOTHER...

IF YOU KEEP UP WITH THAT WOMAN... LET HER DRAG YOU DOWN TO HER MORONIC DEPTHS...YOU WILL BE DEGRADING YOURSELF!

STOP IT, ANDY! THAT'S ENOUGH! EITHER WE DROP THE SUBJECT OR...

TOO BAD, PHILIP! TOO BAD YOU WERE SO STUBBORN! IF I'D ONLY CONVINCED YOU...

ALL RIGHT, PHILIP! NO NEED TO GET ANGRY! THE SUBJECT IS CLOSED!

YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT SOME EXPERIMENTS YOU'VE BEEN DOING, ANDY!

OH, YES! COME ALONG! I'VE SET UP A LABORATORY IN THE CELLAR. THIS WAY...

WHY, YOU'VE GOT A GREAT DEAL OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT DOWN HERE, ANDY! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE MORNING IN ON MY RACKET...

NO, PHILIP! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THEORIES RELATING TO BRAIN SURGERY, RECENTLY. IN FACT... I'M ABOUT READY TO PERFORM MY FIRST SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT LOBOTOMY...

ALL YOU NEED IS THE PATIENT, EH, ANDY?

DOCTOR HOBART LOOKED UP, HIS DREAMY THOUGHTS RETURNED TO THE PRESENT BY THE SHARP HAMMERING ON THE DOOR...

OH, BLAST! I FORGOT!
IT'S THURSDAY! THEY'RE
HERE FOR THEIR WEEKLY
VISIT!



DOCTOR HOBART STEPPED OUT THROUGH THE SLIDING DOORS OF THE LIBRARY, TURNING TO CLOSE THEM...

I'LL BE BACK IN AS
SOON AS THEY'VE GONE,
PHILIP! THEN WE CAN
CONTINUE OUR GAME!



THE LIBRARY DOORS LOCKED, ANDREW SWUNG OPEN THE FRONT DOOR...

AH... PHILIP!
JONDRA! COME
IN... COME IN...

WE CAN'T
STAY LONG
TONIGHT, CAN
WE DEAR?

HUH?
OH,
YEAH...
I MEAN...
NO, ANDY!
WE CAN'T!



DOCTOR HOBART LED HIS GUESTS PAST THE LIBRARY INTO THE SITTING ROOM...

GOING DANCING AGAIN,
PHILIP? AREN'T YOU
GETTING A LITTLE OLD
FOR THAT?

HUH? NAW... WE
ENJOY DANCING...
DON'T WE... JONDRA?
LOTS A FUN, DANCING...



IT WAS A DULL, DESULTORY VISIT WITH JONDRA OBVIOUSLY IMPATIENT TO GO, AND PHIL DOING LITTLE TO CARRY ON ANY CONVERSATION. THIS IS THE WAY IT'D BEEN EVERY WEEK FOR TWENTY YEARS...

WELL, WE REALLY MUST
BE GOING! COME ALONG,
PHILIP!

HUH? OH,
YEAH! BYE,
ANDY! SEE
YOU...

OF COURSE,
PHILIP! NEXT
WEEK! GOOD-
BYE...



DOCTOR HOBART LED THEM TO THE FRONT DOOR, WATCHED THEM HURRY DOWN THE WALK TO THEIR WAITING CAR...

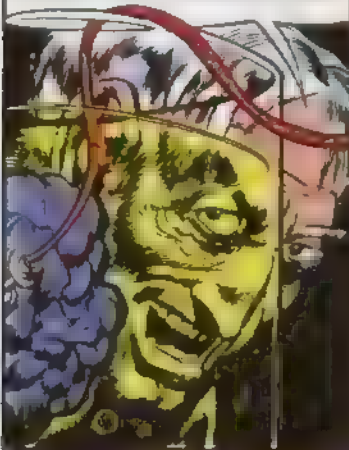


THEN HE UNLOCKED THE DOOR AND WENT INTO THE LIBRARY...

YOU KNOW, PHILIP, I DON'T THINK JONDRA NOTICED THE LEAST DIFFERENCE WHEN SHE CAME HOME FROM THAT VISIT TO HER FAMILY TWENTY YEARS AGO. SHE STILL HAS THE THINGS SHE WANTS OF HER HUSBAND. THE PHYSICAL THINGS. SHE'S PERFECTLY SATISFIED WITH YOUR BODY, AND...



...AND TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT OF YOUR BRAIN, AND I'VE GOT THE REAL YOU, PHILIP...THE IMPORTANT PART OF YOUR BRAIN...YOUR CREATIVE ARTISTIC PART...



THE BRAIN FLOATED LAZILY IN THE JAR OF AMBER LIQUID...

AND SO THE YEARS STRETCH HAPPILY AHEAD OF US, PHILIP! YOU AND I...TOGETHER TILL DEATH...IN MENTAL COMPANIONSHIP.



DOCTOR HOBART FLIPPED ON THE VOICE AMPLIFIER SWITCH FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT EVENING... AND TUNED THE VOLUME...

ALL RIGHT, PHILIP! GO AHEAD! RANT AND RAVE!

OH, GOD! WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY? I LOVED HER! I WAS HAPPY WITH HER! WHY DIDN'T YOU BELIEVE ME?

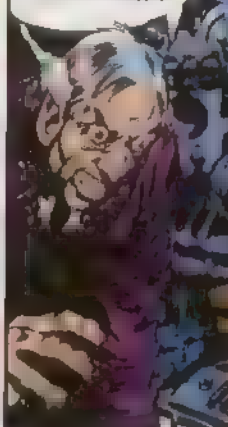


DOCTOR HOBART SHOOK HIS HEAD, SMILING WARMLY AT THE BRAIN SUSPENDED IN THE BUBBLING LIQUID...

OH, DON'T BE A FOOL, PHILIP! WHY MUST WE ALWAYS GO THROUGH THIS...EVERY NIGHT... BEFORE WE CAN SETTLE DOWN TO A NICE QUIET EVENING!? I DID THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! I RESCUED YOU FROM THAT NITWIT FEMALE. WHY, IF YOU HAD GONE ON LIVING WITH HER FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS...



...YOU WOULD HAVE LOST YOUR MIND!



IT'S YOU WHO LOST YOUR MIND, ANDREW! YOU! YOU'RE MAD! MAD! AND, OH LORD, LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO ME!



DOCTOR HOBART REACHED FOR THE VOICE AMPLIFIER SWITCH. THE BRAIN SEEMED TO TWIST SLIGHTLY AS IT FLOATED BUOYANTLY IN THE JAR.

MUST I TURN YOU OFF, PHILIP, OR WILL YOU BE GOOD SO WE CAN GO ON WITH OUR GAME? ER... I BELIEVE IT'S MY MOVE!

NO! WE STOPPED LAST NIGHT AFTER YOUR MOVE! IT'S MY MOVE...



HEH, HEH! WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT A WEDDING OF MINDS? CERTAINLY SOUNDS LIKE THE MAD DOCTOR AND HIS BOTTLED BRAIN ARE MARRIED. LISTEN TO THEM ARGUE ABOUT WHO GOES FIRST, AND YOU'LL ARGUE ABOUT WHO GOES FIRST...TO JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICTS... THAT IS... WHEN YOU SEE THE STUFF YOU CAN GET, LIKE

BACK ISSUES WHEN YOU WRITE US FOR ORDERING INFO. NOW, THE VAULT-KEEPER AWAITS WITH A YARN TO DRIVE ALL YOU MANIACS SANE. I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



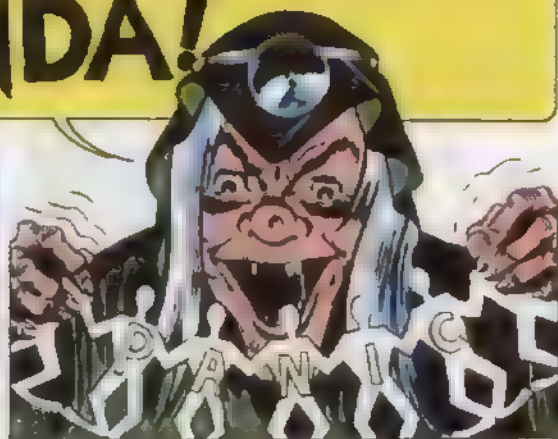
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! AND NOW THAT C.K. HAS CHILLED YOUR BLOOD WITH HIS CRYPT CAPER, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO FREEZE IT! YEP, IT'S YOUR HOST IN THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE VAULT-KEEPER, READY TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A VISIT TO AN INSANE ASYLUM. I CALL THIS MAD (PLUG!) YARN... THIS TALE OF PANIC (DITTO!) IN THE BOOBY-HATCH...

COME BACK, LITTLE LINDA!

THE OLD MAN SAT IN THE DAMP DARKNESS OF HIS SUBTERRANEAN ASYLUM CELL, SOBBING QUIETLY. HE SAT WITH WIDE STARING EYES AND CLENCHED FISTS AMID THE FOUL OOR OF DECAY AND ROT AND UNREMOVED HUMAN EXCREMENTS. AND HE CALLED HER NAME... SOFTLY... SOFTLY...

LINDA! LINDA! COME
BACK TO ME, LINDA...



DOCTOR MORGAN ULLMAN, THE DIRECTOR OF THE COUNTY INSANE ASYLUM, MOVED SLOWLY THROUGH THE DARK DIM PASSAGEWAY LINED ON EITHER SIDE WITH ANCIENT OAKEN DUNGEON DOORS. AND THERE WAS A FAINT SMILE ON HIS HARD COLD FACE. HIS ASSISTANT, ERIC HAGEN, FOLLOWED CLOSE BEHIND...

IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS, ERIC, MAKING USE OF THESE OLD DUNGEON CELLS. DID I EVER THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME THE IDEA?

THE MONEY YOU PAY ME IS THANKS ENOUGH, DOCTOR ULLMAN



DOCTOR ULLMAN STOPPED AT ONE OF THE METAL DOORS. HE SELECTED A KEY FROM THE RING HE CARRIED...

WELL, THE **MONEY** I PAY YOU IS THE **LEAST** I CAN DO, ERIC. **HOW** LONG HAS IT **BEEN**, **NOW?**

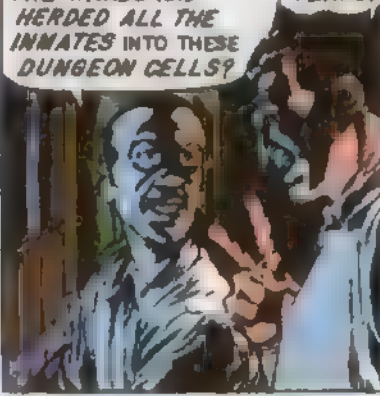
TWO YEARS, DOCTOR ULLMAN!



THE DOCTOR INSERTED THE KEY INTO THE LOCK AND TWISTED. THE BOLT SNAPPED OPEN, THE DOCTOR LAUGHED...

TWO YEARS, EH? IT'S BEEN **TWO YEARS** SINCE WE **EMPTIED** THE **WARDS** AND **HERDED** ALL THE **INMATES** INTO THESE **DUNGEON CELLS?**

YES, SIR! **TWO YEARS!**



THE DOCTOR TURNED TO ERIC, WHO TOWERED OVER HIM, TALL AND GRIM AND MUSCULAR...

DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY **SHEETS** WE **DIDN'T** HAVE **TO BUY** IN **TWO YEARS**, ERIC? HOW MANY **BLANKETS?**

QUITE A LOT, SIR!



THE DOCTOR PUSHED OPEN THE SQUEALING METAL DOOR...

DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH WE'VE SAVED ON **LAUNDRY...** **CLEANING...FOOD...**

QUITE A LOT, SIR.



THE OLD MAN SAT IN THE DAMP DARKNESS OF HIS CELL...WHISPERING SOFTLY...

LINDA? WHERE DID YOU **GO, LINDA?** **LINDA...**

YOU SAY HE **CALLS** THAT NAME **CON-** **TINUOUSLY, ERIC?**

ALMOST ALL THE TIME, SIR.



THE DOCTOR SHOOK THE OLD MAN. THE OLD MAN TURNED WITH WIDE STARING EYES...

WHO IS LINDA, YOU OLD FOOL?

LINDA? LINDA? LINDA IS MY LOVE!

PROBABLY SOMEONE IN HIS **PAST,** DOCTOR!

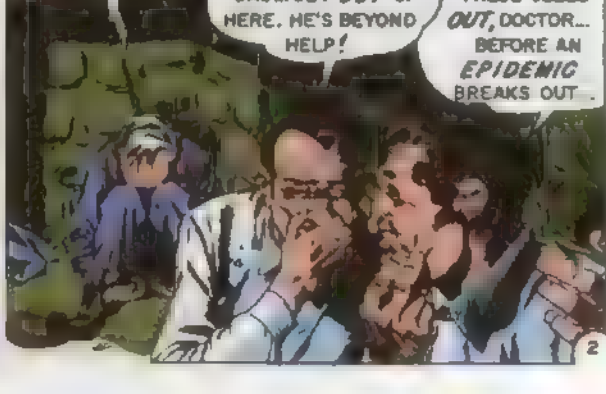


THE DOCTOR INHALED THE NAUSEATING ODOOR OF THE DARK CELL AND RETCHED...

LINDA, MY LOVE! COME TO ME!

YES! CHOKE... PROBABLY! LET'S... GAG... GET OUT OF HERE. HE'S BEYOND HELP!

WE...WE OUGHT TO **CLEAN** THESE CELLS **OUT, DOCTOR...** BEFORE AN **EPIDEMIC** BREAKS OUT.



THEY SLAMMED THE CELL DOOR SHUT AND MOVED BACK UP THE CORRIDOR...

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, ERIC! A DEAD INMATE MEANS WE LOSE HIS ALLOTMENT, AND WE DON'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN, DO WE?

I'LL HAVE THE MORE RATIONAL INMATES DO THE CLEANING, DOCTOR. IT'LL SAVE SOMETHING TO HIRE ANYBODY...



...UP THE WINDING STONE STEPS LEADING TO THE ASYLUM BUILDING ABOVE...

YOU ARE CONSCIOUS ABOUT BEING ECONOMICAL, ERIC. I'M PROUD OF YOU

EVERY SUCK SAVED MEANS FORTY CENTS FOR ME! WHY SHOULDN'T I BE?



...AND OUT THROUGH THE DESERTED MUSTY WARDS. DOCTOR ULLMAN STOPPED AT A FILTHY WINDOW, LOOKING OUT...

IT'S TIME TO TURN ON THE LIGHTS, ERIC. WE WANT EVERYBODY DOWN THERE TO THINK THE WARDS ARE STILL OCCUPIED...

YES! I'LL DO THAT RIGHT NOW...



FAR BELOW THE BLEAK GREY INSANE ASYLUM, DOWN IN THE VALLEY, LIGHTS BLINKED ON AS TWILIGHT TURNED TO NIGHT. THE PEOPLE IN THEIR CLEAN WHITE HOUSES SAT AT CLEAN WHITE TABLES AND ATE FROM CLEAN WHITE DISHES AND NEVER DREAMED OF THE HORRORS GOING ON ABOVE THEM...



THEY NEVER HEARD THE ANGUISHED SCREAMS OF THE INMATES IN THEIR SLIMY STINKING DUNGEON CELLS... NEVER FELT THE STING OF ERIC'S WHIP...



THEY NEVER TASTED THE DISH WATER SOUP... THE SPOILED SLOP MEAT... THAT WAS FED TO THE INMATES. WHAT HAPPENED, ERIC? HE COMPLAINED, SIR! HE DIDN'T LIKE THE MEAL TONIGHT!

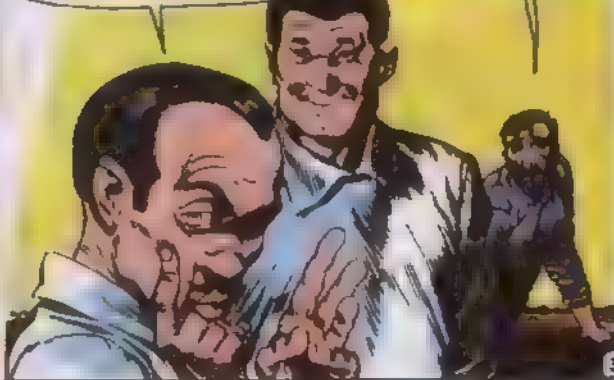
SOB. SOB.

WHY DID YOU HAVE TO WHIP HIM?



OH?! WELL, IF HE DOESN'T LIKE WHAT WE SERVE HIM, DON'T GIVE HIM ANY FOR A WHILE. HE'LL APPRECIATE IT, AFTER... SAY... THREE DAYS!

NO! NO! PLEASE I'LL... STARVE! I'M SORRY... SOB... I'M SORRY...



WHAT IS IT, DOC? YOU'RE WHITE AS A GHOST!

IT'S FROM THE STATE BOARD OF HOSPITALS. THEY'RE ARRIVING TOMORROW...FOR AN INSPECTION TOUR...

**WE'VE GOT TO MOVE THE PATIENTS
BACK UPSTAIRS...GET CLEAN
SHEETS FOR THE BEDS...SCRUB
THE WARDS TILL THEY SHINE.
HURRY, YOU IDIOT!**

**Y-Y-YES,
DOCTOR
ULLMAN!**

ALL RIGHT. LET'S GO!
UPSTAIRS! ON THE
DOUBLE! GET MOVING!
THERE'S WORK TO DO!

C'MON, OLD MAN!
OUT OF YOUR
CELL! OUT, I
SAID. . .

NO!
NO!

NO. NO. NO. LINDA WILL BE COMING. I DON'T WANT TO MISS HER! LINDA...

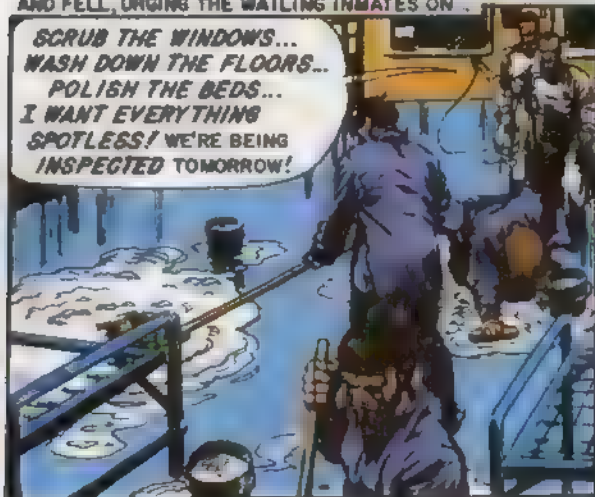
HE'S GIVING ME TROUBLE. DOC. GIVE ME THAT WHIP...

**UPSTAIRS! I SAID!
UPSTAIRS!**

**NO! NO! I WANT
MY LINDA! I WANT..
Y-I-I-I-I-I-I-I**

ALL NIGHT LONG, IN THE WARDS, THE STINGING WHIP ROSE AND FELL, URGING THE WAILING INMATES ON...

SCRUB THE WINDOWS...
WASH DOWN THE FLOORS...
POLISH THE BEDS...
I WANT EVERYTHING
SPOTLESS! WE'RE BEING
INSPECTED TOMORROW!

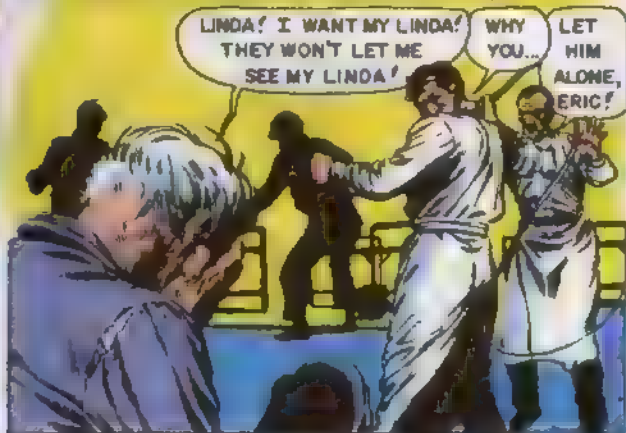


ALL THE POOR ASYLUM PATIENTS SCURRIED ABOUT WITH PAILS AND MOPS AND POLISHING CLOTHS... CLEANING THE LONG-ABANDONED WARDS. ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT THE OLD MAN WHO SAT IN A CORNER SOBBING SOFTLY...

LINDA! I WANT MY LINDA!
THEY WON'T LET ME
SEE MY LINDA!

WHY
YOU...

LET HIM
ALONE,
ERIC!



MAYBE WE OUGHT
TO PUT HIM BACK
DOWN THERE...
IN THE
DUNGEON!

NO! WE CAN'T
AFFORD IT!
THEY MAY MAKE
A COUNT!



BUT HE COULD CAUSE
TROUBLE! HIM
AND HIS STUPID
LINDA! MAYBE
HE'LL TALK!
MAYBE HE'LL TELL
THEM WHERE HE'S
BEEN KEPT FOR
TWO YEARS!

HE'S A
BABBLING
IDYOT! WHO'LL
LISTEN TO
THE JABBER-
ING OF A
RAVING
MANIAC...



DOCTOR ULLMAN TURNED TO THE OTHER INMATES. HE BRANDISHED THE WHIP...

ONE WORD...ONE HINT FROM
ANY OF YOU THAT YOU'VE BEEN
MISTREATED IN THE SLIGHTEST
DEGREE...AND YOU'LL REGRET IT...



THE INMATES COVERED IN FEAR AND TERROR. THERE WAS UNDERSTANDING IN THEIR EYES. EACH ONE OF THEM KNEW THAT THE DOCTOR MEANT BUSINESS. THERE WOULD BE NO SLIPS OF THE TONGUE FROM ANY OF THEM...

Y-YES,
DOCTOR!

W-WE WON'T SAY
A WORD!

NOT A
WORD!

ALL RIGHT!
NOW GET BACK
TO YOUR WORK!



ONLY THE OLD MAN, OBLIVIOUS TO EVERYTHING, CON-
TINUED TO RAVE...

I WANT MY LINDA!
I WANT MY...

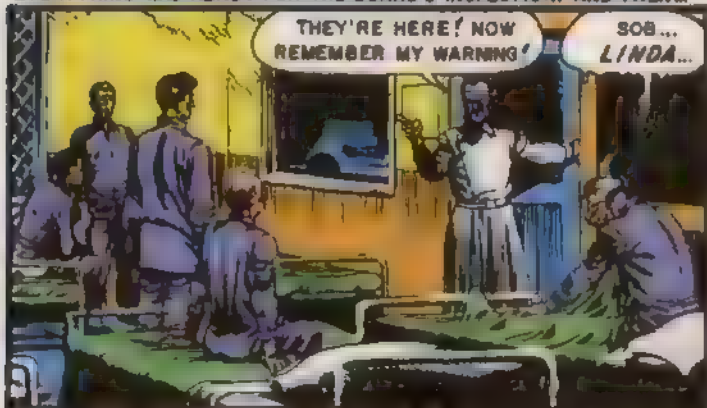
SHUT UP,
YOU OLD FOOL...

LEAVE HIM
BE, ERIC.

YAAAAHHHHH...



IN THE MORNING, THE WARDS WERE SPARKLING CLEAN. EACH BED WAS MADE WITH FRESH CLEAN SHEETS AND SPOTLESS BLANKETS. THE INMATES HAD ALL BEEN BATHED AND DRESSED IN NEW UNIFORMS. EVERYTHING WAS READY FOR THE BOARD'S INSPECTION. AND THEN...



THEY'RE HERE! NOW REMEMBER MY WARNING!

SOS... LINDA...

THEY MOVED THROUGH THE ASYLUM, GRIM FACED, CRITICAL-MINDED, EYEING EVERYTHING...

YOUR LETTER CAME SO LATE, GENTLEMEN, I HAD NO TIME TO...ER... PREPARE. YOU'LL HAVE TO ACCEPT THE PLACE AS IT IS!

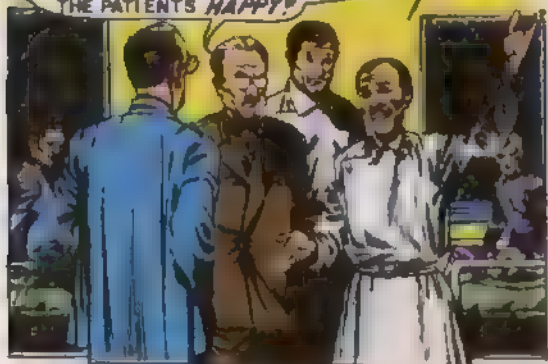
THAT WAS THE IDEA, DR. ULLMAN! HMMMM!



THEY NOTED THE TEMPTING DOORS DRIFTING FROM THE KITCHEN...THE GLEAMING BRASS OF THE BEDS...THE IMMACULATE CONDITION OF THE WARDS...

YOU MUST BE CONGRATULATED, DR. ULLMAN. THE ASYLUM SEEMS TO BE EXTREMELY WELL RUN. ARE THE PATIENTS HAPPY?

ASK THEM, SIR!



THEY WENT FROM BED TO BED...TALKING TO THE INMATES... INQUIRING...

HOW IS THE FOOD?

E-EXCELLENT! OH, YES -

ARE YOU WELL TREATED?

Y-YES, SIR...

DO YOU HAVE ANY COMPLAINTS?

N-NO, SIR!



SUDDENLY THE WARD REVERBERATED WITH AN ANGUISHED CRY...

LINDA! I WANT LINDA!

WHO'S THAT, DR. ULLMAN?

OH DON'T MIND HIM, SIR! HE'S HARMLESS...



THE OLD MAN SAT UP, STARING WILDLY...

THEY TOOK ME AWAY FROM LINDA!

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, ULLMAN?

SOME...ER... FIGMENT OF HIS IMAGINATION. WE'VE BEEN GIVING HIM PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT...



HE CLINGED FROM HIS BED...

I WANT MY LOVE! LET ME GO BACK TO LINDA!

NOW, NOW, OLD MAN! BACK INTO BED...

NO! LET HIM GO!



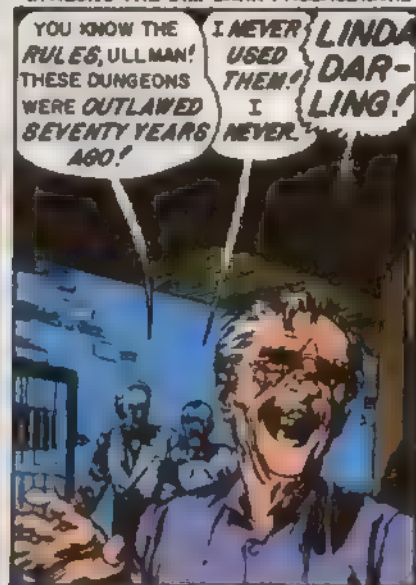
THE OLD MAN SCAMPERS ACROSS THE WARD...DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO THE CELLAR DOOR...



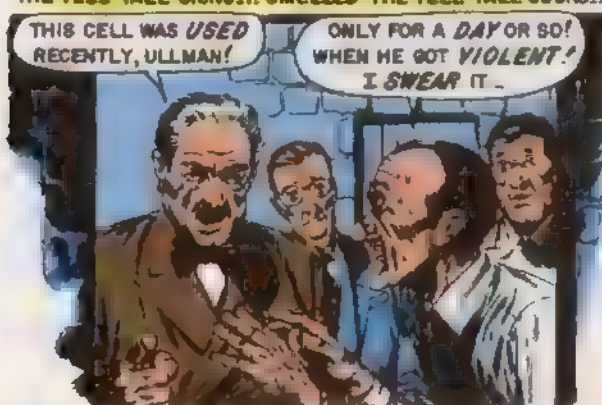
...DOWN THE WINDING STONE STEPS. THE BOARD FOLLOWED...



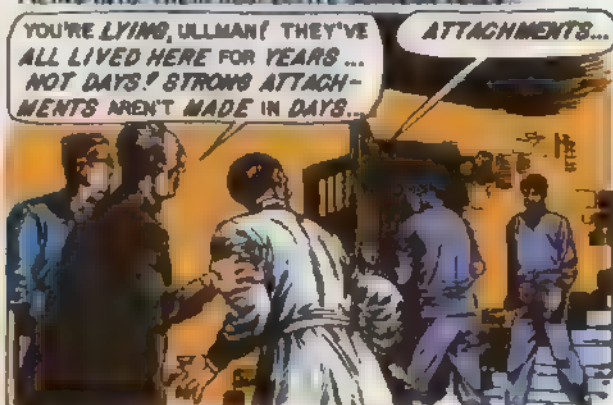
...ALONG THE DIM DARK PASSAGEWAY...



THE BOARD MEMBERS PEERED INTO THE CELL WHERE THE OLD MAN SAT GIDDING HAPPILY. THEY SNIPPED. THEY SAW THE TELL-TALE SIGNS... SMELLED THE TELL-TALE ODOORS...



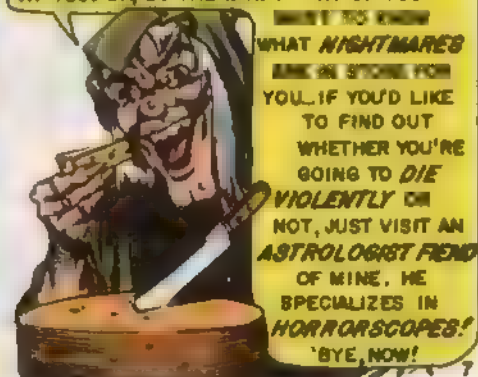
BEHIND THEM, THE OTHER INMATES WERE COMING DOWN THE STONE STEPS, MARCHING ALONG THE PASSAGEWAY, FILING INTO THEIR RESPECTIVE SUMMER HOMES...



THE BOARD MEMBER MOTIONED TO THE OLD MAN'S CELL. DR ULLMAN LOOKED THEN PALED. HE WAS IN THERE ALL RIGHT...COOING AT LINDA. WHISPERING WORDS OF ENDEARMENT TO HIS LOVE...



HEH, HEH! WELL, KIDDIES! THERE'S A TOUCHING LITTLE TALE OF DEVOTION... AND SO TIMELY, TOO, WHAT WITH ST. VALENTINE'S DAY JUST AROUND THE CORNER. NOW, I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO G.K., WHO'S GOT A CIRCUS YARN TO PITCH AT YOU. OH, BY THE WAY. IF ANY OF YOU



LINDA, THE OLD MAN'S LOVE, WAS A BIG FAT UGLY FOUL-SMELLING RAT.

WANT TO KNOW WHAT NIGHTMARE'S BAKED IN STONE FOR YOU...IF YOU'D LIKE TO FIND OUT WHETHER YOU'RE GOING TO DIE VIOLENTLY OR NOT, JUST VISIT AN ASTROLOGIST FRIEND OF MINE. HE SPECIALIZES IN HORRORSCOPES! 'BYE, NOW!



HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S ... THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppl

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear CRYPT,

I love your comics and your taste of words. I am a very gut-busting fan of your comics. I love CRYPT #13, "Grounds. For Horror!" People should not let little kids work because it just drives them crazy. They seem to make up stories of who really did their killing.

Keep printing your stories. You have a very horror-hunger fan club out here. It's o.k. to print my address and zip code, I'm dying for a gut-bustin' pal.

Orlando Garcia

1729 W Superior ST
Chicago, IL 60622

May I suggest a truss?

-CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hi! It's Shawn again. I have almost all your comics. All I need is 6 more. Anyway, how are you? I wanted to ask you something. WHY is your show not on anymore? I am very disappointed.

My brother threw a party when he heard you weren't on anymore. and I got a huge poster of the HBO version of you. You're the last thing I see before I go to bed! Well, I gotta go

Shawn Van Elsis

Philadelphia, PA

This is your late brother (I promise).

-CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

It is to savor, each issue of your aerie oeuvre. Before dining on this one, #24, I realized it represented 3 1/3% of the entirety.

On page 5 of "Food for Thought", there is an invisible robe that Marta slips on. Perhaps it's the emperor's new robe? Ya know, at the turn of page 7, I figured Marta was targeted for the final twist instead of Carl.

In "Pearly to Dead", I guess Larry finally had his fill of Phil.

Bob Gorby

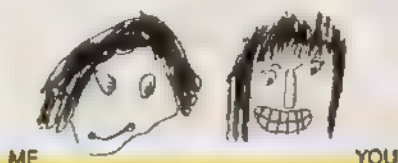
Camarillo, CA

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I have two dozen comics and a toy of you.

Jess Lovelace

Anchorage, AK



I have two jillion comics and a fan IN you! I'm a lucky dog!
-CK

To "The Crypt-Keeper's Corner,"

Re: issue #24 "Food for Thought" page 7 panel 7, who is Martha? It is Marta in the other 47 panels

The caption on panel 6 page 4 of the story "Pearly to Dead" reads: "They both fallen in love with her. . ." Who missed the "D" key on the typewriter?

It's quite a coincidence that in 1954 CK used the word 'Titanic' in the intro to the story "Prairie Schooner" because in 1998 that word is the talk of the land

In "Half-Baked!" The Old Witch says that membership in the EC FanAddict Club is limited to 250,000,000 people. That's almost the entire population of the United States, that's a lot of Addicts!! It's a nationwide epidemic!!

David Dellano

Kensington, CT

Let's slip you into a buried box and check YOUR enunciation, David-baby! The 'Titanic' disaster was common enough in the popular mind for the first 85 years, imagine if our reprint of WEIRD SCIENCE 6 had appeared in the last six months!
-CK

Dear CK

"Undertaking Pailor", #24, seems to touch on a lot of taboo subjects for a 50s comic, death and its consequences in the form of the mortuary, murder of innocents by an unscrupulous druggist in collusion with the mortician, a child's loss of a parent, and the subsequent revenging by a group of kids on the evil grown-ups (defying authority in the process) and, finally, violent assault and murder in a graveyard. The kids witnessing the graveyard murder is straight out of HUCKLEBERRY FINN. Quite an intricate plot for a 'lowly' comic book!

How original (and typical) of EC to have a story narrated by a grave ("The Craving Grave")! This is one of the traits that put EC above all others in its day, and continues to 40 years hence!

EC's retelling of "The Sleeping Beauty!" resucit. . . resucit. . . revives a tired old fairy tale with snappy lingo and a Transylvanian twist.

Barry McCollum

Alton, IL

I wondered "whatever happened to my Transylvanian Twist!"
-CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

"Tales from the Crypt" 24 was great. Here's my review of it:

The cover Jack Davis does what Jack Davis does best, he impresses EC fans, and often even sells comics to fans of non-EC comics and people who watch the TV show. The fish are pathetic, though.

"Food for Thought": This story is pretty good, and is better than the TV episode, which has very, very little to do with this comic story. The next three stories are all about the ocean, or at least have something to do the ocean.

"Pearly to Dead": This is a great story with great artwork. I like how George Evans carefully drew his stones with fine line and shadow. I really like the part when Phil and Larry are clearing the way for the US Navy to blow up Japan, and I LOVE the panel where Larry sees Phil's rotted face through the porthole, because it's very creepy. Great story!

"Prairie Schooner": This is not a bad story, but I don't like Bernie Kringsstein's art. It's boring and ugly. If an artist with style, like Jack Davis, Johnny Craig, Graham Ingels, George Evans or Jack Kamen illustrated this story it would have been much better.

"Half-Baked": The creepy ocean thing is wearing off a little bit, and yet this still manages to be the best story in the book! The ocean scenes are great. Graham Ingels is a wonderful artist.

Too bad he never drew you or The Vault-Keeper. Jack Davis, usually the artist who's supposed to draw you, has drawn The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch before; Johnny Craig, who's mostly known for drawing The Vault-Keeper, has drawn (and painted) you and The Old Witch before; but Graham Ingels, who's known for making the stupid, annoying character some people call The Old Witch worth looking at, has never drawn you or The Vault-Keeper. How sad! You and The Vault-Keeper are much better, much more original characters than The Old Witch, and I hate the title of her comic. A "Crypt of Terror" makes sense, a "Vault of Horror" makes sense, but a "Haunt of Fear" doesn't. A "haunt" is not a type of creepy place.

Questions: 1) Who's version of you is the most accurate, Al Feldstein, Jack Davis, Johnny Craig, Jack Kamen, the Amicus film or Kevin Yager, who created the TV version of you? 2) Are you related to The Vault-Keeper at all, even distantly? 3) Who is the oldest GhouLunatic? PLEASE ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS SERIOUSLY AND HONESTLY!!!!

Zeke Stern

Encinitas, CA

Did you know if you play Lennon saying, "Charlie and The Deafheads" from the LET IT BE album backwards he says "Phil floating past the porthole?"

We dip the entire mailorder staff in liquid Mylar twice a year, when we spray them for ticks.

If you were a habitue of The Old Witch's haunts, as I unwillingly am, you'd agree they're mighty creepy!

Only Jack Davis captured the pure physical power and athletic grace that is me!

-CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

It's me, Monsterman, again. I just read your latest ish, #23, yesterday.

"Undertaking Pailor" was great, up to the nice little poetic justice at the end. Still more proof that Jack Davis was the greatest of the EC artists.

"The Craving Grave!" was good, but it just felt like a remake of that one about the trunk. Besides, that thing about 'earth wombs' was way too necrophilicish.

Your version of "Sleeping Beauty!" was funny, particularly the character of 'Melvin?!'. I look forward to see how they do it on your show.

"Shadow of a Doubt" was too good a story for that old bat, The Old Witch. Who'da thunk that a shadow could kill someone? That's something to try on those dog days of summer!

Monsterman

address unknown

Er, you mean "Shadow of Death", no doubt. DON'T try it during a solar eclipse! Only the late Jack Benny could do complete justice to the 'Melvin?!' line (but that shouldn't be a problem for me, should it?).

-CK

Also available this month are PANIC and PIRACY #7! Watch for VAULT, TWO-FISTED and VALOR next month!! Don't forget HAUNT, FRONTLINE, COMBAT and CRIME. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details!)

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, sold out; FRONT #1-4, \$2 each; PANIC #1-4, \$2.50 each, all others up thru issue #3, \$1.50 each; CRYPT #4-18, and VAULT, 2FIST, HAUNT and CRIME #4-15, \$2 each. All others, \$2.50 each. (Latest issues: CRYPT is up to #25, VAULT, 2FIST, HAUNT and CRIME are up to 24, FRONT to 13, PANIC to 7 and PIRACY to 7).

Don't forget the completed run of WEIRD SCIENCE/FANTASY/INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION, all 11 issues, #1-3 are \$1.50 each, #4-11, \$2 each. Also the completed run of SHOCK AND TERROR COMICS, all 11 issues, #1-3 are \$1.50 each, #4-16 are \$2.00 each and #17-18 are \$2.50 each, the completed run of WEIRD SCIENCE, all 22 issues, #1-3 are \$1.50 each, #4-16 are \$2.00 each and #17-22 are \$2.50 each; and the completed run of WEIRD FANTASY, all 22 issues, #1-3 are \$1.50 each, #4-15 are \$2.00 each and #16-22 are \$2.50 each.

Add \$5 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

Write to:
CRYPT
GEMSTONE
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS

TALES FROM THE CRYPT #41! (#25, APR/MAY 54)

COVER by Jack Davis

"Operation Friendship"

"Come Back, Little Lenda!"

"Current Attraction"

"Mess Call"

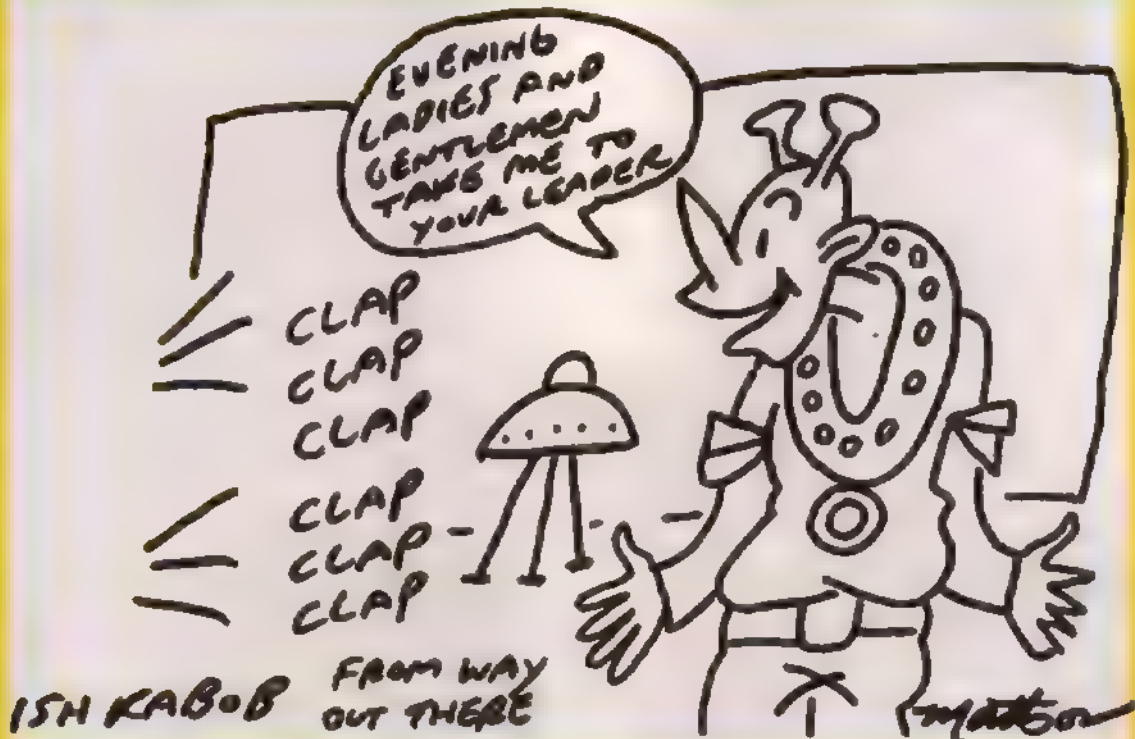
Jack Davis

George Evans

Jack Kamen

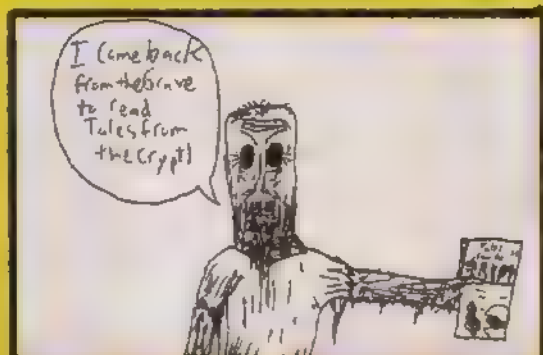
Graham Ingels

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters, to do so we need your address on the individual letter.



When the Plutonian KOLLEGE OF PLUTONIC KNOWLEDGE show ended with the retirement of bandleader Cy Cesium, his entourage dispersed to the eight corners of the solar system to start solo careers. Our luck, we got ish! It does explain much about the career of Jerry Lewis, however. Showbiz tidbit from Frank 'Fracture the People' Mattson, Spring City, PA, to start THE CRYPT KEEPER'S PAGE 15F.

FINE ARTS 15F



Here's a switch; I go into the crypt to tell them, Brian Shea, Waltham, MA comes out of the grave to read them. Is there any way to cut out the middleman (you can use my spell)? -CK

Send your contriube (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible doublespaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit) to:

THE CRYPT KEEPER'S
PAGE OF FINE ARTS

Morphee's War, Morphee Brown, Morphee Bed, Mrs. Morphee's Chowder; all must bow to...

Morphee's Law

Mood like the weather, sultry, seeking.
Spies rumored vampire, strolls on, peeking.
Scent of a victim, waiting fine
Beckons this Dark One, keen to dine.

"Some say you're evil," comes her greeting.
"People will say things," her eyes meeting.
Foundering in eyes hypnagogic,
She falls to charms more than hypnotic.

Buries his canines, glist'ning, keen;
Sups from her jug'lar, feast unseen.
Vamp-eyes like onyx, grasping, glowing;
Blood of the victim, ebbing, flowing.

Touch of the vampire, rite unholy;
A kiss for the living who's
Death to the maiden, now undead;
Bridge of a monster with earthy bed.

Shudd'ring transition, metamorphic,
Resur-un-rection, grave-euphoric
"Well come," he says, "to my Necropolis"
But she proves to be a prodigy.

She grabs his cloak, gives him a smack,
Bares his neck and bites him back.

As I recover from surgery, here's a candidate for the Fine Arts Page. Please print address.

R.C. Gorby, 2/27/85

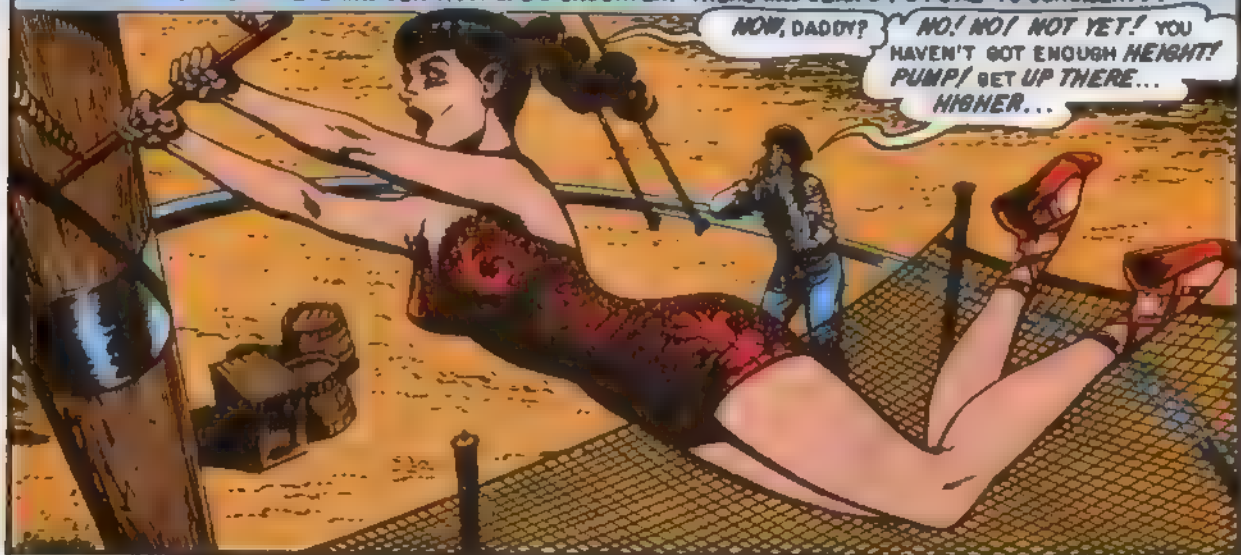
3153 Sunny LN
Camarillo, CA 93012

I CALL THIS ELECTRIFYING YARN...

CURRENT ATTRACTION



AGE HAD CREEPT UP ON OLD RUFUS AND STIFFENED HIS JOINTS AND SLACKENED HIS MUSCLES AND FINALLY HE'D BEEN FORCED TO CLIMB DOWN FROM THE FLYING TRAPEZES WHERE FOR ALMOST A QUARTER OF A CENTURY HE'D REIGNED AS KING. NO MORE WOULD THE BAND PLAY AND THE DRUMS ROLL AND THE AUDIENCES GASP AS THE SPOTLIGHT FOLLOWED HIM ACROSS THE BIG TOP IN HIS DEATH-DEFYING AERIAL ACT. HE WAS A *HAS-BEEN*... A *FORGOTTEN NAME*... A *FADED STAR*. HIS PERFORMING DAYS WERE OVER. BUT THE CIRCUS WAS IN OLD RUFUS'S BLOOD. IT WAS HIS LIFE. AND SO HE'D STAYED ON... WATERING THE ANIMALS, HELPING THE ROUSTABOUTS, DOING ANY ODD JOB AVAILABLE... JUST SO HE COULD BE NEAR THE SPANGLES AND THE TANBARK AND THE CANVAS WORLD HE LOVED. AND THEN THERE WAS JEAN... RUFUS'S DAUGHTER. THERE WAS JEAN'S *FUTURE* TO CONSIDER...



JEAN HAD BEEN TEN WHEN HER MOTHER HAD MISTIMED HER DOUBLE FORWARD SUMMERSAULT AND CAME CRASHING DOWN TO THE BIG TOP FLOOR... LEAVING JEAN AN ORPHAN AND RUFUS A WIDOWER, THAT HAD BEEN EIGHT YEARS AGO...

THAT'S IT, HONEY! THAT'S IT! REMEMBER! TUCK! TUCK TIGHT WHEN YOU SPIN...

HERE... SOES...



OLD RUFUS FINGERED THE NET-POLE NERVOUSLY AS IF HE WERE AFRAID IT MIGHT SUDDENLY VANISH, LEAVING HIS PRECIOUS DAUGHTER SWINGING ALONE UP THERE WITHOUT ITS LIFE-PRESERVING PROTECTION...

NO! NO! TOO SOON!

EEEEEE...



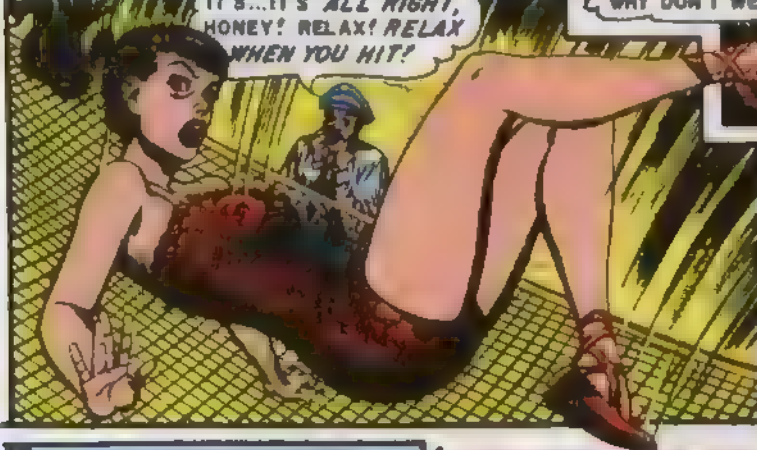
FOR A MOMENT OLD RUFE'S HEART STOPPED BEATING AS HE WATCHED HIS LOVELY DAUGHTER'S BODY FLAIL, THEN PLUNGE DOWNWARD. IT WAS AN OLD MEMORY...ONE THAT HE WOULD NEVER FORGET.

JEAN SOBBED AS SHE CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE NET AND REACHED FOR THE CAPE HER FATHER HUNG OUT FOR HER...

I'LL...I'LL NEVER BE ANY GOOD, DADDY! NEVER! SOB! WHY DON'T WE GIVE UP??

YOU'LL DO IT, HONEY! YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL BE A STAR SOMEDAY!

IT'S...IT'S ALL RIGHT, HONEY! RELAX! RELAX WHEN YOU HIT!



THEY WALKED IN SILENCE ACROSS THE TANBARK FLOOR, DOWN BETWEEN THE SEATS, AND OUT INTO THE SUN-LIGHT...

A TALL HANDSOME DARK-EYED MAN WAS CLIMBING UPON THE GROUNDS, GRINNING BROADLY...

DON'T TALK THAT WAY! WHY, WHEN YOUR MOTHER AND ME STARTED...

OH, ENRICO! THIS IS MY DADDY! EVERYBODY CALLS HIM 'RUFÉ'!

A PLEASURE TO MEET THE FATHER OF SUCH A CHARMING GIRL, MR...ER... RUFÉ!

AM, THERE YOU ARE! I HAVE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!

OH, DADDY! IT'S ENRICO! AND MY EYES ARE ALL RED!

SO WHAT?

SO! I SEE YOU HAVE BEEN PRAGTISING, LOVELY ONE! THAT IS GOOD!

I'LL NEVER BE ANY GOOD, ENRICO!

YOU'LL BE GREAT. SOMEDAY!



RUFÉ STUDIED THE SUAVE-LOOKING STRANGER...

YOU'RE NEW AROUND HERE, AREN'T YOU? WHAT'S YOUR ACT?

ENRICO IS A STAR, DADDY! HE USUALLY GETS TOP BILLING! HE JUST JOINED OUR CIRCUS YESTERDAY! HE'S A KNIFE-THROWER!

I ALSO THROW THE MACHETE AND THE CLEAVER.

ENRICO TURNED TO JEAN...

I WILL SEE YOU LATER, THEN...AS WE PLANNED. AU REVOIR...

ALL RIGHT, ENRICO! 'BYE, FOR NOW!

HMMMPH!



OLD RUFÉ AND HIS DAUGHTER WALKED ON IN SILENCE UNTIL THEY CAME TO THEIR TRAILER. THEN...

I DON'T LIKE HIM! HE'S A GREASY-LOOKIN' CHARACTER!

HE'S VERY SWEET, DADDY... AND VERY MISUNDERSTOOD! HIS WIFE...

OLD RUFÉ SPUN AROUND...

HIS WIFE? HE'S MARRIED?!

OH, YES! HIS WIFE IS HIS PARTNER IN THE ACT! SHE STANDS UP AGAINST A BOARD AND HE...

I'LL NOT HAVE MY DAUGHTER GOING OUT WITH A MARRIED MAN!

DON'T BE SILLY, DADDY! WE'RE JUST FRIENDS! NOTHING MORE! HE'S VERY UNHAPPY!

THAT NIGHT, RUFÉ CAUGHT ENRICO'S ACT. IT WAS QUITE SENSATIONAL! HIS WIFE WOULD STAND SPREAD-EAGLED BEFORE A BOARD AND HE'D COOLLY RING HER WITH KNIVES, THROWING THEM IN RAPID SUCCESSION, ENDING UP WITH A CLEAVER SLAMMING INTO THE WOOD BESIDE HER HEAD...

BRAVO!

GREAT!

TERRIFIC!

GOOD LORD!

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL, DADDY?

I'D HATE TO BE HIS WIFE AND HAVE HIM SORE AT ME! ONE SLIP...

THAT'S JUST IT, DADDY! THEY DON'T GET ALONG! HE'S NOT IN LOVE WITH HER ANY LONGER. BUT SHE REFUSES TO GIVE HIM A DIVORCE!

AND YOU MEAN TO TELL ME SHE LETS HIM STAND THERE AND THROW KNIVES AT HER?!

ISN'T SHE HORRIBLE? ENRICO IS A NERVOUS WRECK! HE DOESN'T WANT TO HARM A HAIR ON HER HEAD. THAT MAKES IT ALL THE MORE DIFFICULT FOR HIM!

HOW COME YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN HIS PRIVATE LIFE?

I... I THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH ENRICO, DADDY!

WHAT!? IN LOVE WITH HIM! DON'T BE A FOOL, JEAN! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG! WHAT ABOUT YOUR CAREER? IN ANOTHER FEW MONTHS, YOUR ACT WILL BE SET AND YOU'LL BE ON YOUR WAY! LOVE ISN'T FOR YOU! NOT NOW!

JEAN SHOOK HER HEAD...

I'M SORRY, DADDY! I CAN'T JUST TURN MY HEART OFF LIKE A RADIO! WHEN IT HAPPENS, IT HAPPENS! AND YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

YOU CAN AVOID LETTING IT HAPPEN! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK FOR IT!



JEAN SMILED AT HER FATHER AND STARTED OFF ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...

IT'S TOO LATE, DADDY! IT'S ALREADY HAPPENED!

JEAN! COME BACK! JEAN!



HE COULD SEE THEM IN THE MOON-LIGHT... MEETING AND WALKING OFF... ARM IN ARM... HIS DAUGHTER, AND ENRICO...

NO, JEAN! NO! I WON'T LET YOU RUIN YOUR LIFE! I'VE WORRIED TOO LONG AND TOO HARD WITH YOU TO LET YOU THROW IT AWAY!



THAT NIGHT, OLD RUFUS TRIED TO WAIT UP FOR HIS DAUGHTER TO COME HOME. HE REMEMBERED THE CLOCK HANDS POINTING TO THREE BEFORE HE DOZED OFF. AND WHEN HE AWOKE, IT WAS MORNING, AND JEAN WAS SLEEPING SOUNDLY...

THIS CANNOT GO ON! IT'S INSANE! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM...



RUFUS DRESSED ANGRILY AND HURRIED ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS TO THE TRAILER MARKED 'THE GREAT ENRICO'. HE HAMMERED ON THE DOOR...

YEAH? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOUR... YOUR HUSBAND? I WANT TO SEE HIM... ALONE!



ENRICO'S WIFE WAS A TIRED-EYED BLEACHED BLONDE WHO REEKED OF LIQUOR. SHE STEPPED OUT OF THE TRAILER AND SMIRKED...

SURE, OLD MAN! ONLY YOU'LL HAVE TO WAKE HIM UP. HE WAS OUT ALL NIGHT LAST NIGHT. HE'S STILL ASLEEP.

TH-THANK YOU!



OLD RUFUS LEANED OVER THE SNORING ENRICO AND SHOOK HIM ROUGHLY...

HUH? WHO... WHAT... YAWN... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! ABOUT MY DAUGHTER! I WANT YOU TO LEAVE HER ALONE!



THE GREAT ENRICO STRODE ABOUT THE TRAILER IN A FLASHY LOUNGING ROBE, PUFFING ON A LONG CIGARETTE HOLDER, LISTENING TO OLD RUFUS PLEAD WITH HIM...

SHE IS YOUNG... INEXPERIENCED. SHE HAS HER WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF HER. I BEG OF YOU...

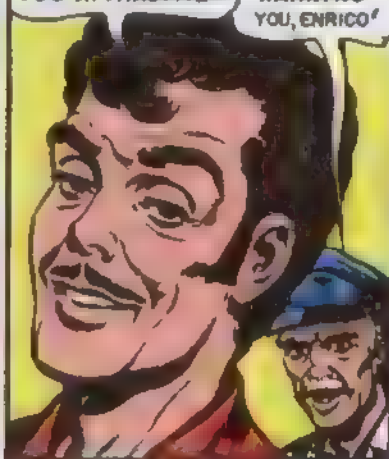
I AM SORRY, SEÑOR! I CANNOT GIVE UP YOUR DAUGHTER!



ENRICO SMILED...

I FIND HER TOO ATTRACTIVE!

I... I'M WARNING YOU, ENRICO!



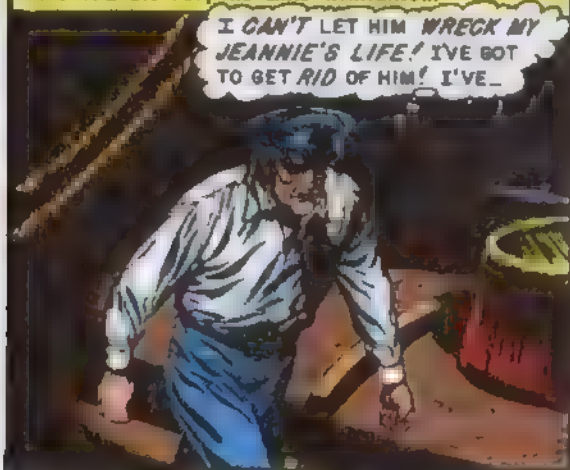
DO NOT THREATEN ME, OLD MAN. IF YOUR DAUGHTER AND I CANNOT FALL IN LOVE WITH YOUR BLESSINGS... THEN IT SHALL BE WITHOUT THEM! GOOD DAY!

ALL RIGHT! I ASKED YOU IN A NICE WAY! NOW ... LOOK OUT!



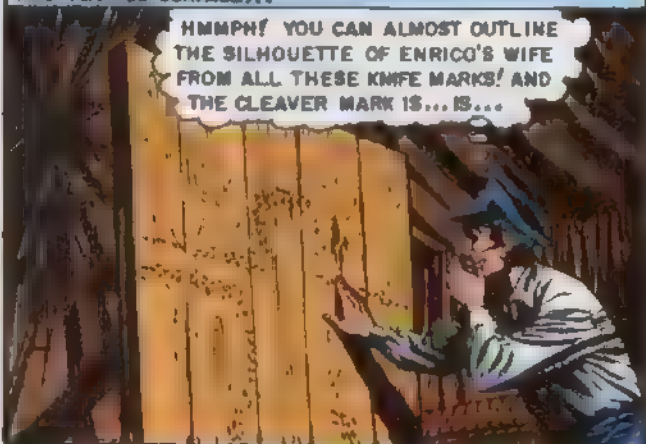
OLD RUFUS LEFT ENRICO'S TRAILER AND STAMPED ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS, FUMING. HE CAME INTO THE BIG TOP, HIS MIND WHIRLING...

I CAN'T LET HIM WRECK MY JEANNIE'S LIFE! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM! I'VE...



THE BOARD THAT THE GREAT ENRICO USED IN HIS ACT STOOD IN ITS POSITION IN THE CENTER RING, READY FOR THE NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE. OLD RUFUS STUDIED ITS PITTED AND SCARRED SURFACE...

HMMPH! YOU CAN ALMOST OUTLINE THE SILHOUETTE OF ENRICO'S WIFE FROM ALL THESE KNIFE MARKS! AND THE CLEAVER MARK IS... IS...



ENRICO'S VOICE RANG IN OLD RUFUS'S EAR...

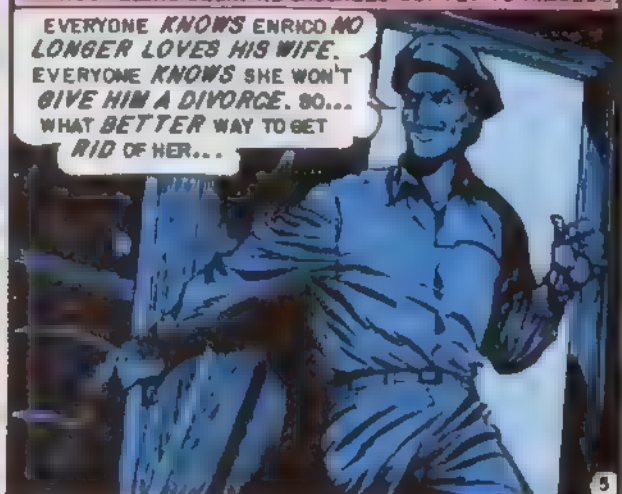
I FIND HER... TOO ATTRACTIVE!

OF COURSE! THAT'S IT! ATTRACTION! THAT'S IT!



OLD RUFUS LET HIMSELF INTO THE ELECTRICIAN'S SHED WITHOUT BEING SEEN. HE CHUCKLED SOFTLY TO HIMSELF.

EVERYONE KNOWS ENRICO NO LONGER LOVES HIS WIFE. EVERYONE KNOWS SHE WON'T GIVE HIM A DIVORCE. SO... WHAT BETTER WAY TO GET RID OF HER...

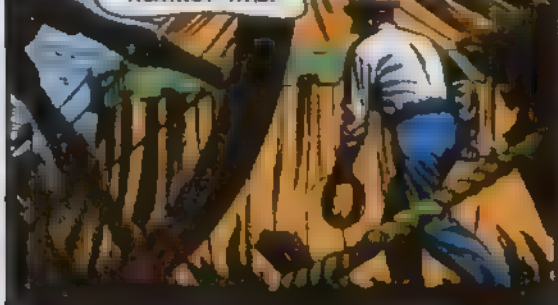


RUFUS CARRIED THE COIL OF FINE COPPER WIRE AND THE BAR OF SOFT IRON BACK TO THE BIG-TOP.

... AND SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, RUFUS WOUND THE COPPER WIRE AROUND THE IRON CORE, CREATING A POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNET. THEN HE SECURED THE MAGNET TO THE REAR OF THE TARGET BOARD, EXACTLY BEHIND WHERE ENRICO'S WIFE'S HEAD ALWAYS RESTED.

TONIGHT...TONIGHT ENRICO THROWS THE CLEAVER DIRECTLY AT HIS WIFE'S HEAD... SPLITTING IT OPEN...KILLING HER. IT WILL BE SO OBVIOUS! HE WILL BE CHARGED WITH MURDER! ALL THE EVIDENCE WILL POINT TO IT! EVEN JEAN WILL HAVE TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM!

THERE! NOW...TO ATTACH THE WINDINGS TO A STRONG CURRENT...AND WE'RE SET! WHEN HE THROWS THAT CLEAVER...



THAT NIGHT, THE SHOW BEGAN AS USUAL. OLD RUFUS STOOD BY, WAITING FOR ENRICO'S ACT TO BEGIN...

HE GOES ON IN THIRTY SECONDS! HE...

HEY, RUFUS! I GOT A JOB FOR YOU! C'MON!

THE ROUSTABOUT FOREMAN LED RUFUS OUT OF THE BIG TOP! BEHIND, THE DRUMS ROLLED...THE SYMBOLS CLASHED...

THAT'S...THAT'S ENRICO'S ACT STARTING! I WANTED TO SEE IT! I...

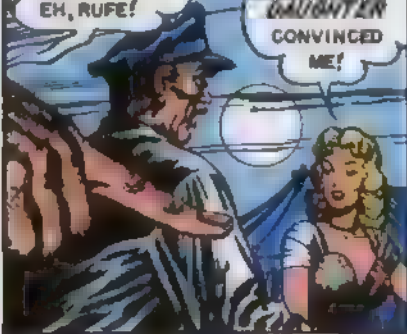
YOU'LL SEE IT TOMORROW! THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT! I OWE THIS SOMEBODY A FAVOR!



RUFUS FOLLOWED THE FOREMAN ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS. A FIGURE STOOD IN THE MOONLIGHT, WAITING...

HELP THIS GAL CARRY HER BAGS DOWN TO THE STATION, EH, RUFUS!

Y-YOU? YES! ME! I'M LEAVIN' HIM! YOUR DAUGHTER CONVINCED ME!



RUFUS'S BLOOD FROZE! THE DRUMS WERE BUILDING UP TO A CRESCENDO NOW. THE END OF THE GREAT ENRICO'S ACT WAS AT HAND, RUFUS COULD SEE THE CLEAVER RAISED. SEE IT FLYING THROUGH THE AIR. SEE IT WAVER AS IT ENTERED THE MAGNETIC FIELD... SEE IT SWERVE INWARD... CUTTING. SPLITTING...THE BLOOD...THE RED RAW FLESH AND BONE... THE BRAINS...

CHOKES...AND

SHE? JEAN? MY DAUGHTER?

SHE'S TAKING MY PLACE IN THE ACT, TOO! C'MON! LET'S GO!



HEH, HEH! SO IF ANYBODY'S INTERESTED IN A SLIGHTLY USED, SECOND-HAND KNIFE-THROWER'S BOARD, IT'S AVAILABLE. ONLY THING IS, IT'S A BIT STAINED! OF COURSE, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, IT OUGHT TO BE USED THAT WAY! SORT OF ADDS SOMETHING, DON'T YOU THINK? AND NOW, IT'S TIME

TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE OLD WITCH, WHO WILL WIND UP MY MORIBUND REAR FOR THIS ISSUE. OH! REMEMBER THE E.G. FAN ADDICT CLUB! DON'T DO NOTHIN'! JUST REMEMBER IT! 'BYE!



BEHIND THEM, SYMBOLS CRASHED AND A BASE-DRUM BOOMED. THE CROWD GROANED.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE WITH YOUR *TONGUES* HANGING OUT! COME IN! COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I'VE GOT ANOTHER *SLIME-SERVING* BREWING IN MY CAULDRON, ALL READY TO DISH OUT. YEP! IT'S *ME*, AGAIN... THE *OLD WITCH*! HEE, HEE! *HUNGRY* FOR HORROR, ARE YOU? GOOD! THEN CLOSE YOUR DILATED MOSTRILS AND OPEN YOUR LITTLE LEERING MOUTHS AND I'LL SHOVEL IN FOUL FARE. THIS IS *HANS GRUBER'S REEKING RECIPÉ*... VINTAGE 1918. LISTEN, NOW, TO THE TASTY TALE OF TERROR HANS CALLS...

MESS CALL

EXACTLY

AHHH! IT IS WARM AND DRY HERE. IT IS GOOD TO FEEL WARM AND DRY. I AM SO TIRED...SO VERY TIRED. AND MY EYES ARE HEAVY WITH SLEEP. I CLOSE THEM. I SLEEP...

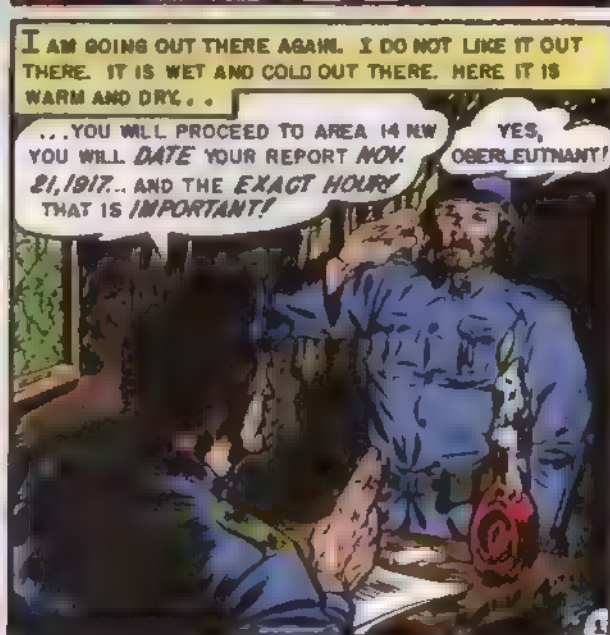
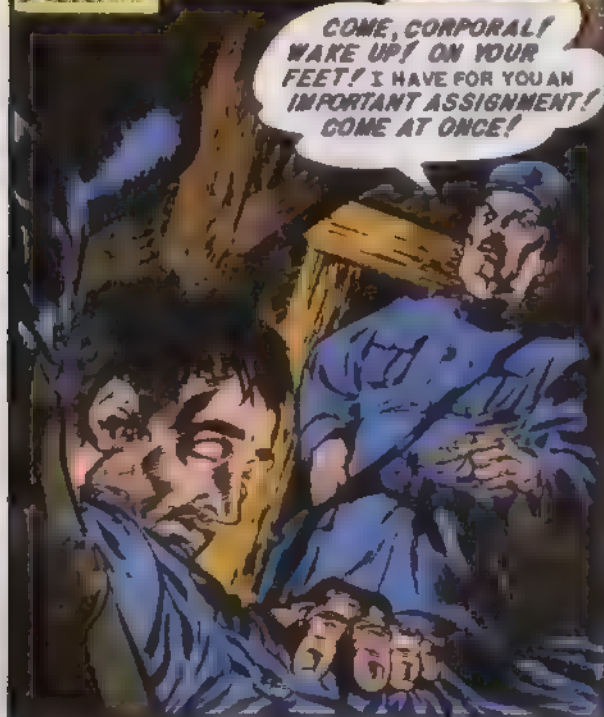
COME, CORPORAL! WAKE UP! ON YOUR FEET! I HAVE FOR YOU AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT! COME AT ONCE!



I AM GOING OUT THERE AGAIN. I DO NOT LIKE IT OUT THERE. IT IS WET AND COLD OUT THERE. HERE IT IS WARM AND DRY...

...YOU WILL PROCEED TO AREA 14 NW YOU WILL *DATE* YOUR REPORT NOV. 21, 1917... AND THE EXACT HOUR! THAT IS IMPORTANT!

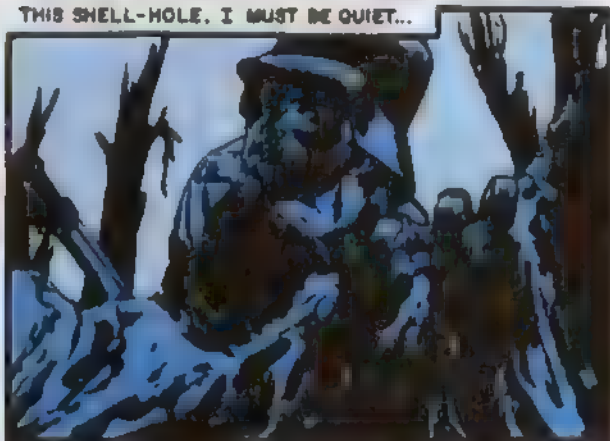
YES, OBERLEUTNANT!



I AM CRAWLING ON MY BELLY THROUGH THE MUD. IT IS COLD AND DAMP AND I SHIVER AND MY TEETH CHATTER. I GRIP MY MAUSER TIGHTER. I AM APPROACHING AREA 14 N.W. I MUST BE QUIET. *THEY* ARE THERE... *THE ENEMY*...



THEY ARE JUST OVER THAT HILL AHEAD. I WILL HIDE IN THIS SHELL-HOLE. I MUST BE QUIET...



'NOV. 21, 1917, 10:40 P.M. ENEMY POSITION: 115 YDS WEST OF...' I STOP WRITING MY REPORT. I LISTEN. SOMEONE IS HERE... HERE IN THIS SHELL-HOLE... *WITH ME*...



HE COMES AT ME... AN ENEMY SOLDIER. I SWING MY MAUSER AROUND, SEND MY BAYONET INTO HIS SOFT BELLY... PLUNGING IT UPWARD... FEELING THE CRUNCHING BONE... HEARING THE BUCKING SOUNDS...



I AM FRIGHTENED. HIS ARMS SWING OUTWARD. I PULL MY BAYONET AND THRUST AGAIN... STABBING... SLASHING... CUTTING HIM TO RIBBONS. I SEE HIS FACE... HIS EYES... AND THE BLOOD POURING... AND I AM SICK...



HE... HE IS DEAD! AND NOW, MY OBERLEUTNANT IS CALLING ME... CALLING ME BACK. EVERYTHING IS FADING. NO! IT IS *NOT* MY OBERLEUTNANT CALLING ME. IT IS THE *DOCTOR'S* VOICE. I AM BACK WHERE IT IS WARM AND DRY.



THE DOCTOR IS TALKING TO THAT MAN ABOUT ME...

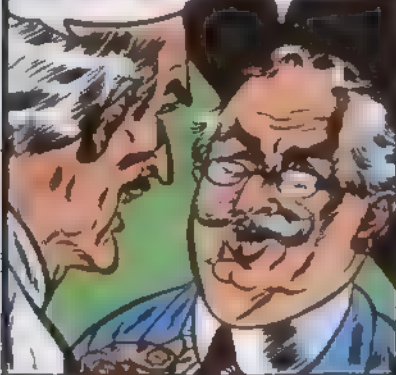
SO... YOU HAVE *SEEN* FOR YOURSELF, HERR HEINRICH. IT IS *ALWAYS* THE SAME VIOLENT NIGHTMARE! HE DREAMS VIVIDLY, EACH NIGHT OF THAT *EXPERIENCE* IN THE TRENCHES! IT HAUNTS HIM! HOWEVER, HE IS PERFECTLY STRONG AND HEALTHY IN EVERY *OTHER* RESPECT. SO YOU NEED NOT HAVE *ANY* FEARS...



I WAS ASLEEP, BUT I AM AWAKE NOW. IT IS MORNING AND THE DOCTOR IS TALKING TO HERR HEINRICH...

...AND SO I HAVE ARRANGED EVERYTHING! YOU MAY TAKE HIM TODAY! I NEED NOT TELL YOU HOW GRATEFUL WE ARE!

ACH! I AM GLAD TO DO THIS FOR HIM, HERR DOCTOR!



HANS! I HAVE NEWS! YOU ARE LEAVING HERE TODAY, MY BOY! HERR HEINRICH IS TAKING YOU TO HIS HOME... TO LIVE! YOU WILL HELP IN HIS SHOP, OF COURSE, BUT THE WORK WILL BE LIGHT, AND THE HOURS SHORT! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS, HANS?

THIS IS VERY GOOD OF YOU, HERR HEINRICH!

ACH! IT IS NOTHING, HANS!



WE ARE RIDING IN A CARRIAGE. IT IS GOOD TO BE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL. HERR HEINRICH IS A KIND MAN...

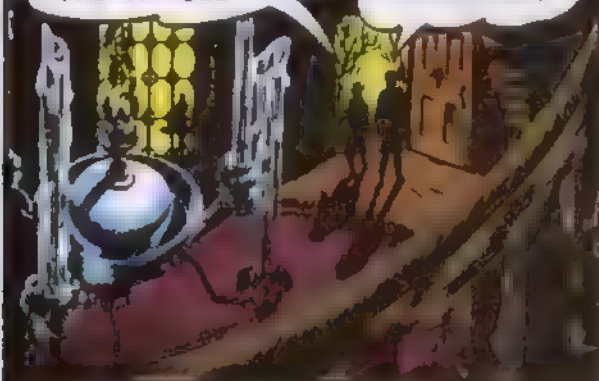
YES, MEAT IS VERY SCARCE, HANS! BUT I HAVE SAVED CAREFULLY AND SELL ONLY TO MY OWN CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS! BUT ENOUGH OF BUSINESS. LOOK! THERE IS MY HOUSE... YOUR NEW HOME...



HERR HEINRICH'S HOUSE IS BIG. IT IS VERY NICE TO LIVE IN A BIG HOUSE...

WELL, HANS! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? DO YOU THINK YOU WILL BE COMFORTABLE?

OH, YES, HERR HEINRICH! IT IS A FINE HOUSE!



THIS FOOD IS GOOD. I LIKE ESPECIALLY THE PICKLED MEATS... AND THE WINE...

TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH, HANS! HERE! MORE WINE, MY BOY! IT IS GOOD FOR YOU!

IT IS WONDERFUL WINE... AND DELICIOUS FOOD, TOO!



MY ROOM... IT HAS NICE THINGS. THE BED IS VERY SOFT, AND I AM TIRED...

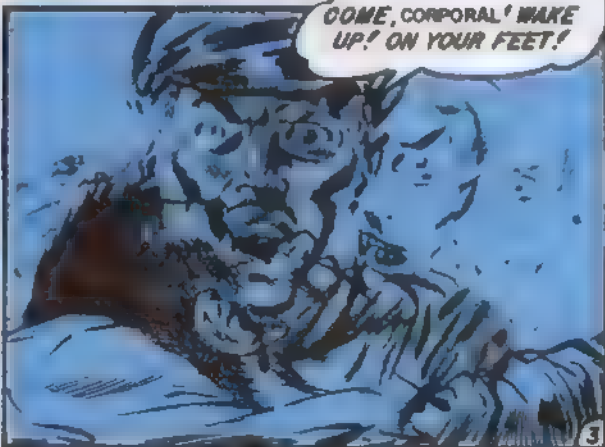
SLEEP WELL, HANS! AND REMEMBER! TOMORROW, WE GO TO MY BUTCHER SHOP! GOOD-NIGHT!

GOOD-NIGHT, HERR HEINRICH! I WILL WORK HARD FOR YOU.

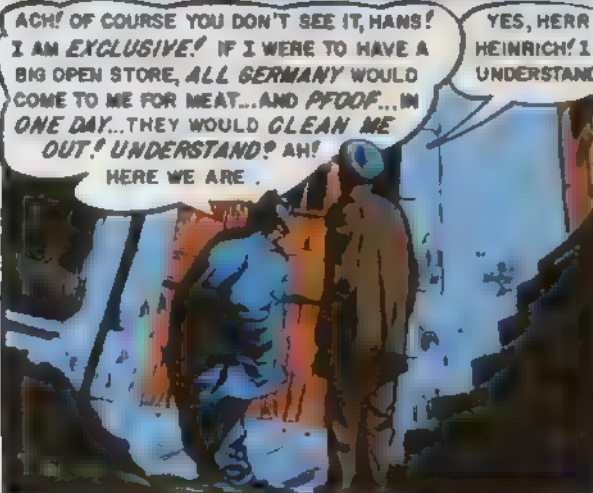
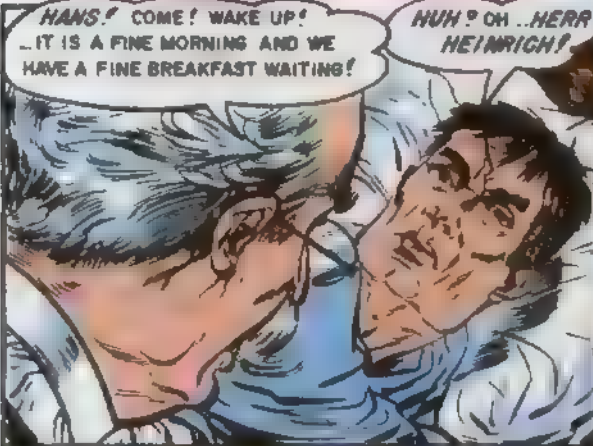


AHHH! IT IS WARM HERE... WARM AND DRY. I LIE ON MY NEW SOFT BED... AND I DOZE...

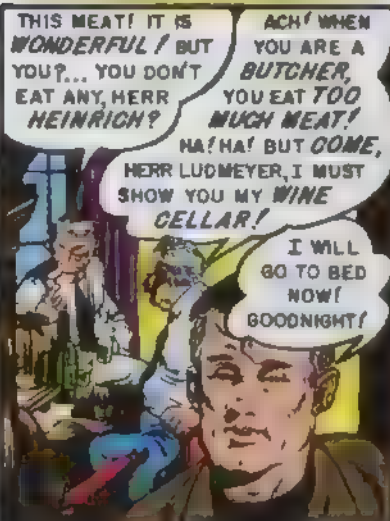
COME, CORPORAL! WAKE UP! ON YOUR FEET!



I AM STABBING...SLASHING...CUTTING HIM TO RIBBONS. I SEE THE BLOOD POURING, AND I AM SICK. HE IS DEAD, AND NOW, MY OBERLEUTNANT IS CALLING...CALLING ME BACK. NO! IT IS NOT MY OBERLEUTNANT. IT IS...



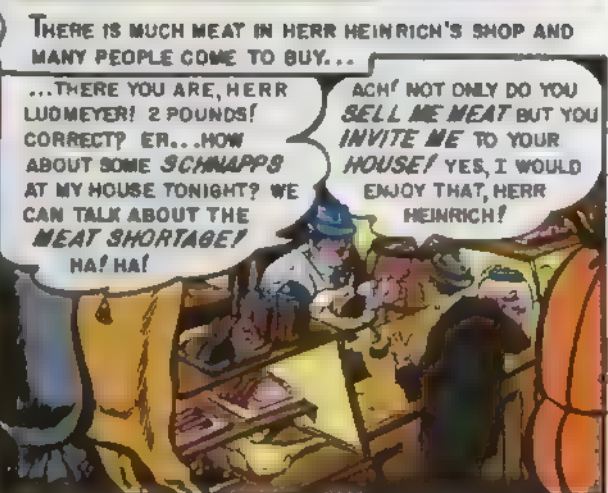
HERR LUDMEYER HAS COME. WE ARE DRINKING AND EATING GOOD PICKLED MEATS. AND I GOT TIRED.



I GO TO MY ROOM AND UNDRESS AND LIE ON MY SOFT BED...SOFT AND WARM AND DRY...



THE AIR IS COOL, BUT I AM WARM. WE ARE WALKING TO HERR HEINRICH'S SHOP. I FEEL GOOD...



HE COMES AT ME AND I SWING AROUND, SENDING MY BAYONET INTO HIS SOFT BELLY... CUTTING, STABBING, SLASHING HIM TO RIBBONS... THE BLOOD POURING... POURING...



I AM SWEEPING THE SHOP. I DO THIS EVERY MORNING. AND I HELP HERR HEINRICH LIFT THE HEAVY THINGS. I AM STRONG...



HANS! COME GIVE ME A HAND, LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!

YES, HERR HEINRICH.

THERE! THAT IS GOOD! HA! HA! NO ONE IN ALL GERMANY HAS AS MUCH MEAT AS I! AH... ANOTHER CUSTOMER IS HERE!



HERR HEINRICH IS FRIENDLY. HE IS AGAIN INVITING SOMEONE TO HIS HOUSE.



YES, GUSTAV. WE NEED FINE! RELAXATION! YOU... YOU HEINRICH! AND YOUR WIFE! COME FINE! I TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT. BRING MY WE WILL HAVE SCHNAPPS! WHAT WIFE! TELL ME! WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

AGAIN I AM DRINKING AND EATING WITH HERR HEINRICH'S FRIENDS. MANY TIMES I DO THIS... TONIGHT, I DON'T FEEL GOOD. DRINKING... TOO MUCH...

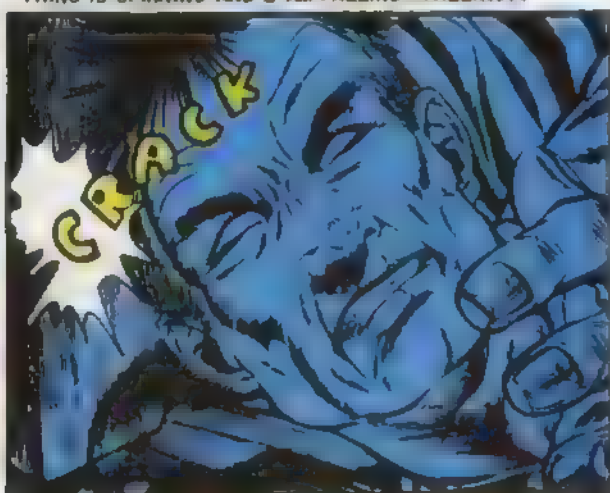


OH, FRAU SHOTZ. YOU HAVE TASTED NOTHING UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED THE IMPORTED WINES IN MY WINE CELLAR. COME, GUSTAV... FRAU SHOTZ! I WILL SHOW YOU!

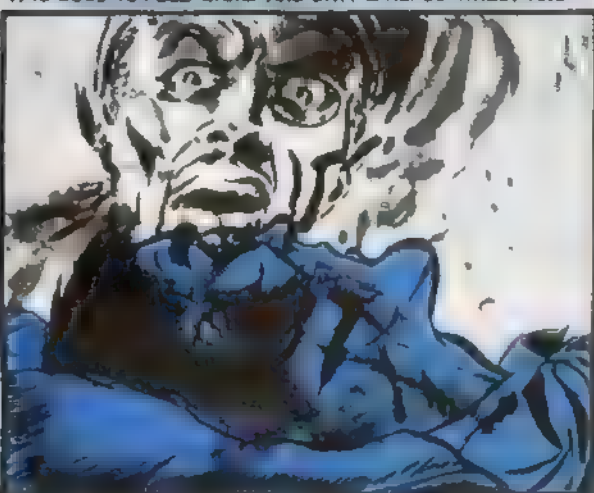
YOU ARE A GENEROUS HOST, HERR HEINRICH!

I... I AM VERY SLEEPY! I WILL GO TO BED NOW! GOODNIGHT.

I AM IN MY ROOM! IT IS DARK HERE! I AM DIZZY! EVERYTHING IS SPINNING AND I AM FALLING... FALLING...



M... MY HEAD! IT HURTS! IT... IT IS WARM AND DRY HERE! IT IS GOOD TO FEEL WARM AND DRY. I AM SO TIRED, AND



COME, CORPORAL! WAKE UP! ON YOUR FEET! I HAVE FOR YOU AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT...





HURRY, CORPORAL! THERE IS MUCH TO DO TONIGHT! COME! COME!

YES, OBERLEUTNANT!

IT IS COLD AND DAMP AND I SHIVER AND MY TEETH CHATTER ..



THIS WAY, CORPORAL! THIS WAY. BUT BE CAREFUL! THE ENEMY IS JUST OVER THAT HILL...

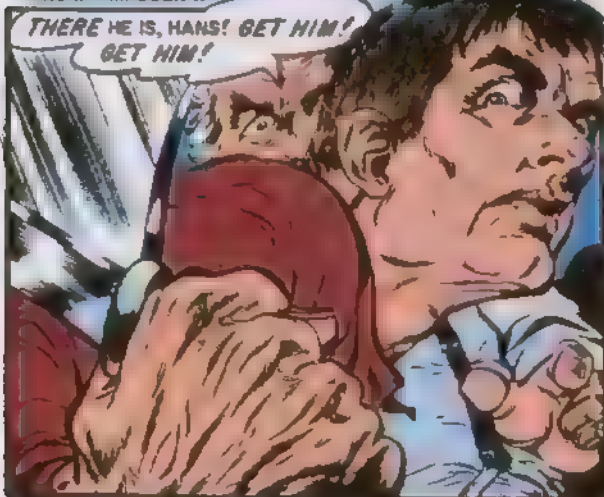
I MUST BE QUIET. I WILL HIDE IN THE SHELL HOLE AND MAKE OUT MY REPORT...



NOVEMBER 21, 1917. 10:40 P.M. ENEMY POSITION: 115 YARDS WEST OF...

LISTEN, HANS! LISTEN! TAKE THIS! YOUR MAUSER...

SOMEONE IS IN THIS SHELL HOLE WITH ME. I TURN, GRIPPING MY MAUSER...



THERE HE IS, HANS! GET HIM! GET HIM!

AN ENEMY SOLDIER... I SWING AROUND, SENDING MY BAYONET INTO HIS SOFT BELLY... FEELING THE CRUNCHING BONE... HEARING THE SUCKING SOUND...



GOOD, HANS! GOOD! NOW, GO TO WORK!

I PULL OUT MY BAYONET AND THRUST AGAIN. STABBING. SLASHING... CUTTING HIM TO RIBBONS...



CAREFUL, HANS! CAREFUL!

I SEE HIS FACE... HIS EYES... AND THE BLOOD POURING... POURING. AND I AM SICK...



HANS! WHY DO YOU STOP? FINISH! FINISH YOUR WORK!

MY HEAD HURTS WHERE I STRUCK IT AND MY DREAM VANISHES, AND I AM STANDING IN A DARK DAMP CELLAR BEFORE A...A...



CHOKES! THERE... THERE IS A BODY ON THE BLOCK! IT IS... HERR SHOTZ! AND THIS IS NO BAYONET! THIS IS A CLEAVER IN MY HAND!



CORPORAL! I ORDER YOU! FINISH YOUR ASSIGNMENT!

I...I HAVE DONE A HORRIBLE TERRIBLE THING! BUT...BUT HOW MANY OTHER TIMES HAVE I DONE THIS? HOW MANY OTHER TIMES HAS HE...HE...? OOOOH...MY HEAD! MY MEMORY! IT'S COMING BACK!



I REMEMBER, NOW! YES! YES! I WAS A BUTCHER... A GOOD BUTCHER! THEN, A SOLDIER! I WAS A SOLDIER AND I KILLED A MAN IN A SHELL HOLE! THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION! EVERY NIGHT I HAVE DREAMED OF THAT KILLING! Y...YOU! YOU MADE ME DO THIS FIENDISH WORK... WHILE I DREAMED!



YES!...YES! YOU FOUND OUT I WAS A BUTCHER! LIKE NO OTHER SHOP IN ALL GERMANY, YOURS IS FULL OF MEAT! ALL OF THE VISITORS YOU HAVE BROUGHT DOWN HERE! YES! OF COURSE! YOUR EXCLUSIVE SHOP IS FILLED WITH HUMAN MEAT!!



HE COMES AT ME...AND EVERYTHING GOES BLACK. IT IS SUDDENLY COLD AND DAMP AND HE IS THE ENEMY SOLDIER AND I AM SENDING MY BAYONET INTO HIS SOFT BELLY...CRUNCHING THE BONE...HEARING THE SUCKING SOUNDS... STABBING...SLASHING...CUTTING HIM TO RIBBONS...HIS FACE...HIS EYES...THE BLOOD POURING...POURING...



HEE, HEE! WELL, FIENDS! THAT'S MY DELIRIUM DISH FOR THIS ISSUE OF G.K.'S MAG. POOR HANS! THAT BLOW ON THE NOSSIN CLEARED IT FOR A FEW MINUTES... BUT HE SOON SLIPPED BACK INTO THE OLD GRIND! ANYWAY, HE WAS PUT INTO A NICE WARM DRY ROOM, WITH CUSHIONED WALLS AND BARRED WINDOWS AND HE NEVER ATE ANOTHER HAMBURGER AS

LONG AS HE LIVED! 'BYE, NOW, WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN V.K.'S MAG, THE VAULT OF HORROR!



**YOU SAY YOU
DON'T GET OUT MUCH?**



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